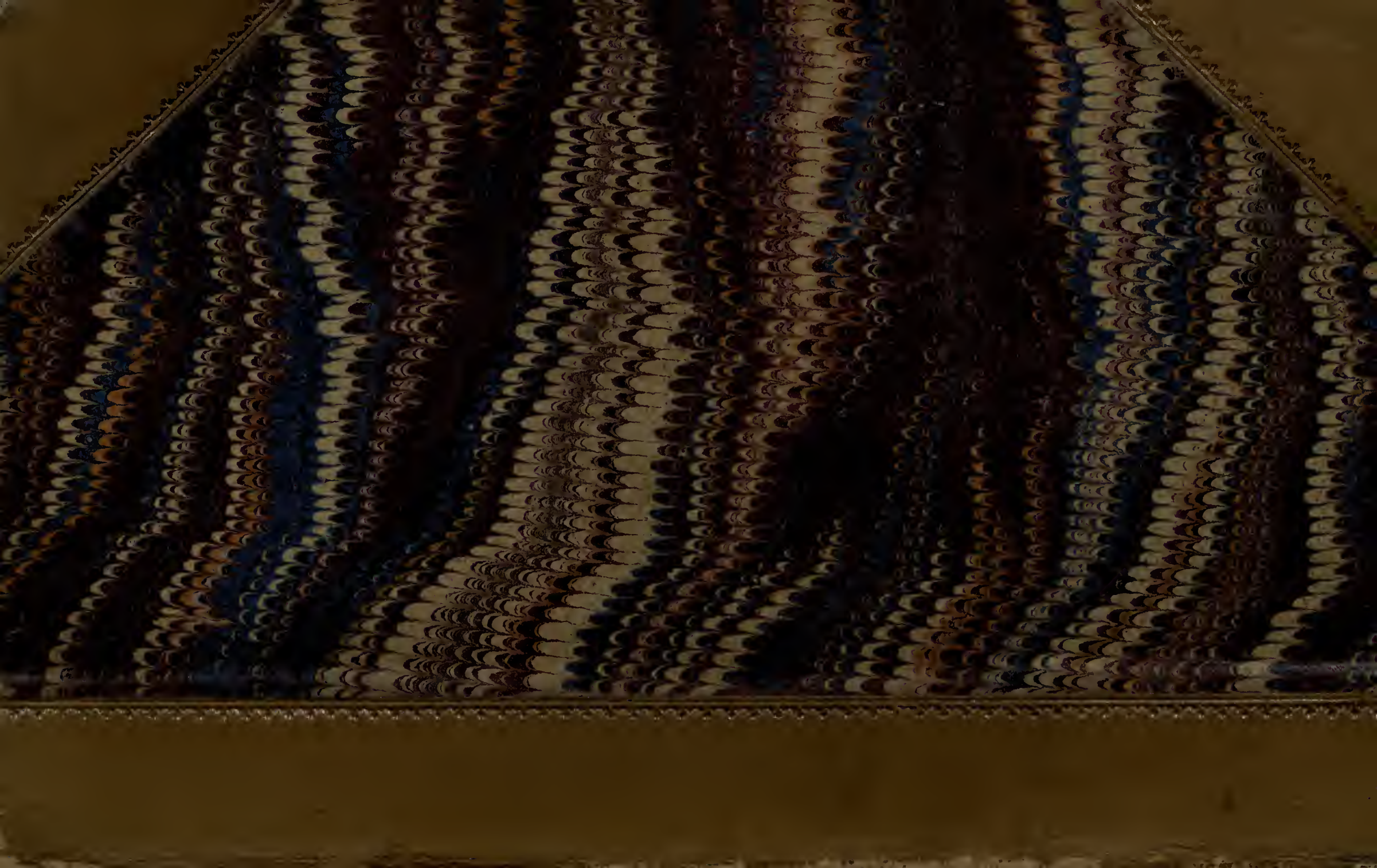

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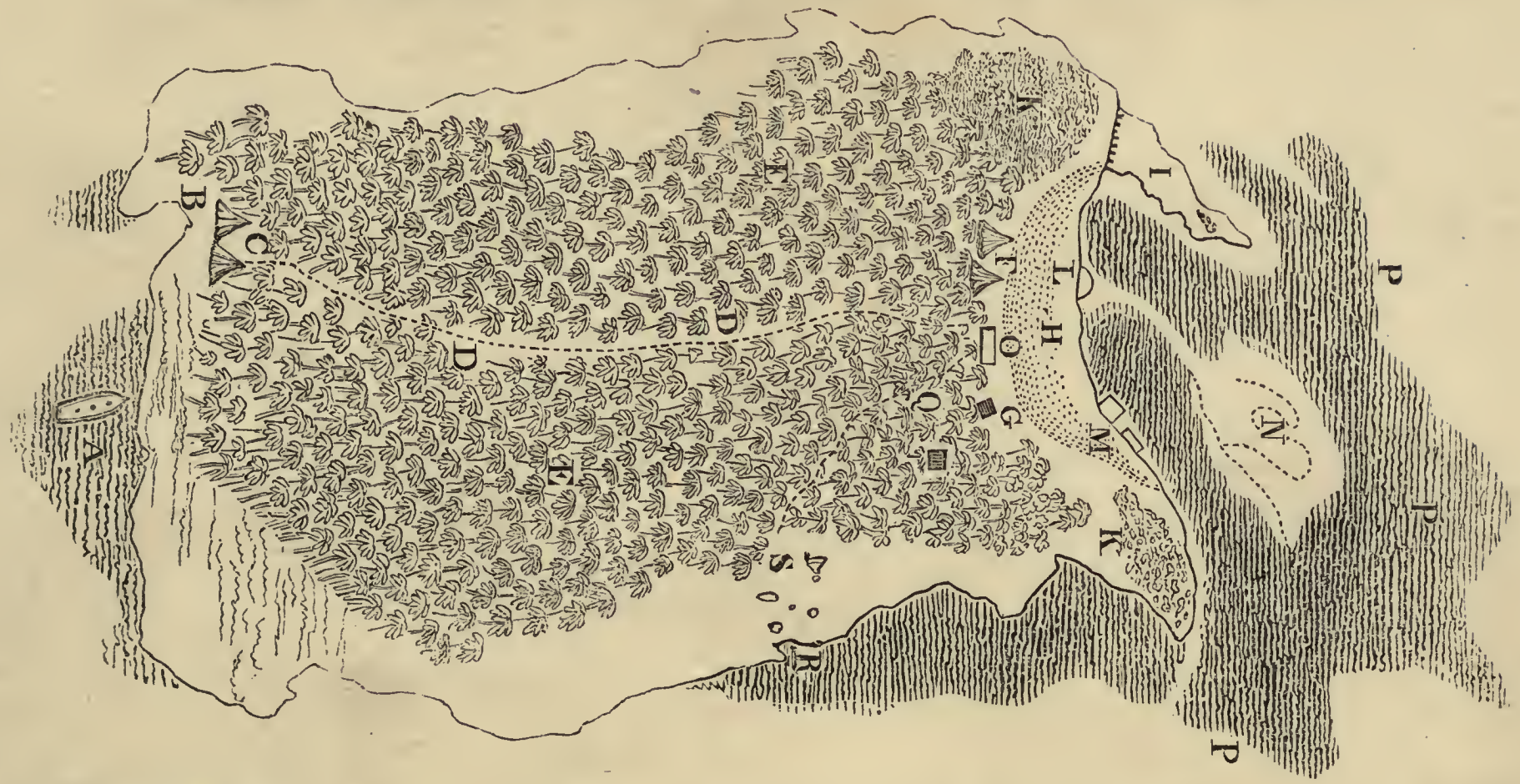
PLAN OF THE ISLAND,

SHEWING WHERE THE PACIFIC WAS WRECKED, THE HABITATIONS, &c.



A *Wreck of the Pacific.*
B *Cove where they landed.*
C *Tents first put up.*
D D *Path through the grove.*
E E *Cocoa-nut grove.*
F *Tents put up on arrival at the east end of the island.*

G *Well.*
H *Sandy beach.*
I *Garden.*
K *Meadow land.*
L *Salt pan.*
M *Turtle and fish pond.*
N *Deep water inside the reefs.*

O *New house.*
P *Reef of rocks.*
Q *Storehouse and stockade.*
R *Boat harbour.*
S *Tents and clumps of trees at south of the island.*

MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

VOLUME III.

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MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

THE COUNCIL.

CHAPTER I.

When we closed our last volume, the family on the island were in a very uncomfortable state of

mind; they had suffered much by disappointment from the vessel having been driven off the island by the gale of wind, at a time when they felt certain that they would be taken on board; and, moreover, the escape of the two native women in the canoe, with the iron nails, and other articles, so coveted by savages, had filled them with apprehensions lest the savages should visit the island in great numbers with the hope of obtaining more. They were consequently in so sad a state of suspense, that for three weeks after the vessel had been driven away, notwithstanding their consultations and resolutions, they still remained quite inactive: at times, indulging the hope that the vessel might return; at others, looking anxiously in the direction of the larger island, to ascertain if there was not a fleet of canoes coming down for their destruction.

One morning, at sunrise, as they were looking round with the telescope, close to the turtle-pond, Masterman Ready said to Mr. Seagrave, "In-

deed, Sir, we must no longer remain in this state of idleness; I have been thinking a great deal of our present position and prospects; as to the vessel coming back, we must, at present, give up all hopes of it. I only wish that we were quite as sure that we shall not have a visit from the savages: that is my great fear, and it really haunts me; the idea of our being surprised some night, and Mrs. Seagrave and the dear children, perhaps, murdered in their beds, is awful to reflect upon."

"God help us!" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave, covering up his face.

"God will help us, Mr. Seagrave, but at the same time it is necessary that we should help ourselves; he will give his blessing to our exertions, but we cannot expect that miracles will be performed for us; and if we remain as we now are, inactive, and taking no steps to meet the danger which threatens us, we cannot expect the divine assistance. We have had a heavy shock,

but it is now time that we recover from it, and put our own shoulders to the wheel."

"I agree with you, Ready," replied William; "indeed, I have been thinking the same thing for many days past."

"We have all been *thinking* of it, I believe," said Mr. Seagrave; "I'm sure I have lain awake night after night, considering our position and what we ought to do, but I have never been able to come to any satisfactory resolution."

"No more have I till last night, Mr. Seagrave, but I think that I have now something to propose which, perhaps, will meet with your approval," replied Ready; "so now, Sir, suppose we hold another council, and come to a decision."

"I am most willing, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, sitting down upon a rock; "and as you are the oldest, and moreover the best adviser of the three, we will first hear what you have to propose."

"Well, then, Mr. Seagrave, it appears to me

that it will not do to remain in the house, for we may, as I have said, be surprised by the savages at any hour in the night, and we have no means of defence against nnmbers."

"I feel that, and have felt it for some time," replied Mr. Seagrave. "What shall we do, then; shall we return to the cove?"

"I should think not, Sir," said Ready; "what I propose is this: we have made a discovery on the south of the island, which is of great importance to us; not that I consider the fruit and other plants of any great value, as they will only serve to increase our luxuries, if I may so call them, during the summer season. One great advantage to us, is the feed which we have found for our live stock, and the fodder for them during the rainy season; but principally, the patch of yams, which will afford us food during the winter. They are of great importance to us, and we cannot too soon protect them from the pigs, which will certainly root them all up, if we do not

prevent them. Now, Sir, you know what we had arranged to do, but which we have not done; I think the cocoa-nut rails will take too much time, and it will be sufficient to make a ditch and hedge round the yams, Sir; but it will be very tedious if we are to go backwards and forwards to do the work, and Mrs. Seagrave and the children will be left alone. I therefore propose that, as the weather is now set in fair, and will remain so for months, that we pitch our tents on that part of the island, and remove the whole family there; we shall soon be very comfortable, and at all events much safer there than if we remain here, without any defence."

"It is an excellent plan, Ready; we shall, as you say, be removed from danger for the time, and when there, we may consider what we had best do, by-and-by."

"Yes, Sir. Those women may not have gained the other island, it is true, for they had the wind right against them for several days after

they went away in the canoe, and, moreover, the current sets strong this way; but if they have, we must expect that the savages will pay us a visit; they will, of course, come direct to the house, if they do come."

"But, Ready, you don't mean to say that we are to leave this side of the island altogether, and all our comfortable arrangements?" said William.

"No, Master William, not altogether; for now I come to the second part of my proposition. As soon as we have done our work at the yam plantation, and made every thing as comfortable there as we can, I think we may then leave Mrs. Seagrave and the children in the tents, and work here. As we before agreed, let us abandon the house in which we live at present, and fit out the out-house which is concealed in the cocoa-nut grove, as a dwelling-house, and fortify it so as to be secure against any sudden attack of the savages: for, return here we must, to live, as we cannot

remain in the tents after the rainy season sets in."

"How do you propose to fortify it, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave; "I hardly know. What is a stockade?"

"That I will explain to you by-and-by, Sir. Then, if the savages come here, at all events we should be able to defend ourselves with fire-arms; one man behind a stockade is better than twenty who have no other arms but spears and clubs; and we may, with the help of God, beat them off."

"I think your plan is excellent, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, "and that the sooner we begin, the better."

"That there is no doubt of, Sir. Now, the first job is for William and me to try for the passage through this side of the reef with the boat, and then we will look for the little harbour, which we discovered; as soon as that is done, we will return, and take the tents and all we re-

quire round in the boat, and when we have pitched the tents and all is arranged, Mrs. Seagrave and the children can walk through the wood with us, and take possession. Now, Mr. Seagrave, if we are all agreed, the sooner we begin, the better, for we have plenty to do, and we must recollect that we shall have to go up to the cove before we can commence the stockade, to procure nails, and many other things; indeed, we may as well have a regular survey of our stores there when we are about it."

"Let us not lose a day, not an hour, Ready; we have lost too much time already," replied Mr. Seagrave; "and may the blessing of Heaven attend our endeavours. What shall we do to-day?"

"At breakfast, Sir, we will communicate our intentions to Mrs. Seagrave; after breakfast, William and I will take the boat, and try for the passage. You can remain here, packing up the tents, and such articles as must first be carried

round. We shall be back, I hope, by dinner-time."

They then rose, and walked towards the house; all felt relieved in their minds, after they had made this arrangement, satisfied that they would be using all human endeavours to ward off the danger which threatened them, and might then put their confidence in that Providence who would, if He thought fit, protect them in their need.

TOMMY AND CRAYFISH.

CHAPTER II.

The subject was introduced to Mrs. Seagrave while they were at breakfast, and as she perceived how much more secure they would be, she cheerfully consented. In less than an hour afterwards, William and Ready had prepared the boat, and were pulling out among the rocks

of the reef to find a passage, which, after a short time, and by keeping two or three cables from the point, they succeeded in doing.

"This is very fortunate, Master William," observed Ready; "but we must now take some marks to find our way in again. See, Sir, the large black rock is on a line with the garden point: so, if we keep them in one, we shall know that we are in the proper channel, and now for a mark abreast of us, to find out when we enter it."

"Why, Ready, the corner of the turtle-pond just touches the right wall of the house," replied William.

"So it does, Sir; that will do, and now let us pull away as hard as we can, so as to be back in good time."

They soon were on the south side of the island, and pulling up along the shore.

"How far do you think that it is by water, Ready?"

"I hardly know, Master William; but at least four or five miles, so we must make up our minds to a good hour's pull. At all events, we shall sail back again with this wind, although there is but little of it."

"We are in very deep water now," observed William, after a long silence.

"Yes, Sir; on this side of the island we must expect it; the coral grows to leeward only. I think that we cannot be very far from the little harbour we discovered. You see, Sir, we have opened upon the meadow land and the clumps of trees. Suppose we leave off rowing for a minute, and look about us."

"There are two rocks close to the shore, Ready," said William, pointing, "and you recollect there were two or three rocks outside of the harbour."

"Very true, Master William, and I should not wonder if you have not hit upon the very spot. Let us pull in."

They did so; and, to their satisfaction, found that they were in the harbour, where the water was as smooth as a pond.

"Now, then, Master William, we will step the mast, and sail back at our leisure."

"Stop one moment, Ready; give me the boat-hook. I see something between the clefts of the rocks."

Ready handed the boat-hook to William, who, lowering it down into the water, drove the spike of iron at the end of it into a large crayfish, which he hauled up into the boat.

"That will be an addition to our dinner, Master William," said Ready; "we do not go back empty-handed, and, therefore, as the saying is, we shall be more welcome; now, then, let us start, for we must pull here again this afternoon, and with a full cargo on board."

They stepped the mast, and as soon as they had pulled the boat clear of the harbour, they set the sail, and in less than an hour had rejoined the party at the house.

William had brought up the crayfish, which had only one claw, and Juno had put on another pot of water to boil it, as an addition to the dinner, which was nearly ready. Tommy at first went with his sister Caroline to look at the animal, and as soon as he had left off admiring it, he began, as usual, to tease it, as he did the lion at the Cape: first he poked its eyes with a stick, then he tried to unfold its tail, but the animal flapped, and he ran away. At last he was trying to put his stick into the creature's mouth, when it raised its large claw, and caught him by the wrist, squeezing him so tight that Tommy screamed and danced about as the crayfish held on. Fortunately for him, the animal had been so long out of water, and had been so much hurt by the iron spike of the boat-hook, that it was more than half dead, or he would have been severely hurt. Ready ran to him, and disengaged the crayfish; but Tommy was so frightened, that he took to his heels, and did not

leave off running until he was one hundred yards from the house, while Juno and Ready were laughing at him till the tears came into their eyes. Tommy was very sulky at being laughed at, so he sat down when he had left off running, till he saw the dinner going in, and then he came back, looking very foolish. When he saw the crayfish on the table, he appeared to be afraid of it, although it was dead.

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Seagrave, "I suppose you won't eat any of the crayfish?"

"Won't I?" replied Tommy. "I'll eat him, for he tried to eat me."

"What part will you have, Tommy—the claw?" said Mr. Seagrave.

"Yes, I'll eat the claw, nasty beast; I'll eat him out of spite."

"Why did you not leave the animal alone, Tommy?" said Mr. Seagrave; "if you had not tormented it, it would not have bitten you; I don't know whether you ought to have any, if

you only eat it out of spite; you should eat with joy and gratitude. What do you say in your grace before meat, Tommy? tell me, Sir."

"'For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful'," said Tommy, gloomily.

"Well, but by your account you are only 'truly spiteful,' and therefore I do not think you ought to have any."

"I don't like it; I won't have any," replied Tommy. "I like salt pork better."

"Well, then, if you don't like it, you shall not have it forced upon you, Tommy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "so now we'll divide it among the rest of us."

Tommy was not very well pleased at this decision, for he really did wish to have some of it, so he turned very sulky for the rest of the dinner-time, especially when old Ready told him that he had had his share of the crayfish before dinner.

BANANA CLUMP AND TENT.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as the meal was over, Mr. Seagrave and Juno assisted them in carrying down the canvas and poles for the tent, with shovels to clear away, and the pegs to fix the tents up properly. Before they started, William observed, "I think it would be a good thing, if Ready and I were to

take our bedding with us, and then we could fix up one tent this evening, and sleep there; to-morrow morning we might set up the other, and get a good deal of work over before we came back."

"You are right, Master William," replied Ready; let us see what Juno can give us to eat, and then we will do as you say, for the sooner we are all there the better."

As Mr. Seagrave was of the same opinion, Juno packed up a piece of salt pork and some flour cakes, which, with three or four bottles of water, they took down to the boat; the axes, saw, and mallet, were also put in. Ready having thrown in a piece of rope to moor the boat with, they shoved off and were soon through the reef, and, after a smart pull, for they were anxious to get round as soon as possible, they arrived again at the small harbour.

As soon as they had landed all the things, they made the boat fast by the rope, and then carried a portion of the canvas and tent poles up to the

first copse of trees, which were the guavas; they then returned for the remainder, and after three trips every thing was up.

"Now, Master William, we must see where we must pitch the tent; we must not be too near the cocoa-nut grove, or we shall have too far to go for water."

"Don't you think that the best place will be close to the bananas? the ground is higher there, and the water is, you know, between the bananas and the yams."

"Very true, Master William, I think it will not be a bad place; let us walk there first, and reconnoitre the ground."

They walked to where the bananas were now throwing out their beautiful large green leaves, and decided that they would fix the tents upon the north side of them; first, because the trees would prevent the tents from being seen from the seaward, and secondly, because the clumps would shade them from the sun during the hottest portion of the day.

"So here let it be, Master William," said Ready; "and now let us go and fetch all the things; it is a nice dry spot, and I think will do capitally."

They were soon hard at work, and long before sunset one tent was ready, and they had put their bedding in it.

"Well, now, I suppose you are a little tired, Sir," said Ready; "I'm sure you ought to be, for you have worked hard to-day."

"I don't feel very tired, Ready, but it's not time to go to bed yet."

"No, Sir; then I think we had better take our shovels and dig the pits for the water, and then we shall know by to-morrow morning whether the water is good or not."

"Yes, Ready, we can do that before we get our suppers, and go to bed."

They walked to where the ground between the bananas and yam patch was wet and swampy, and dug two large holes about a yard deep and

square; the water trickled in very fast, and they were up to their ancles before they had finished.

"There'll be no want of water, Ready, if it is only fit to drink."

"I've no fear of that, Sir," replied Ready, "but still there's nothing like having all done before they come here; so now our work is finished for the day."

They returned to the tent and made their supper off the salt pork and flour cakes, and then lay down on the mattresses. They were soon fast asleep, for they were well tired out with the hard work which they had gone through.

The next morning, at sunrise, they were up again; the first thing they did was to go and examine the holes they had dug for water; they found them full and running over, and the water had settled quite clear; they tasted it, and pronounced it very good, but not so good as what they had in the well near the house in the bay.

As soon as they had washed themselves, they

went back and made their breakfast, and then set to work to get up the other tent, which being for Mrs. Seagrave and the children, was more carefully put up. They then cleared all the ground near the tents of brushwood and high grass, and levelled it nicely with their shovels inside.

"Now, Master William, we have another job, which is to prepare a fire-place for Juno: we must go down to the beach for stones. Let us take this large bit of canvas, and then between us we may carry up as many as we require."

In another hour, the fire-place was completed, and Ready and William looked at their work.

"Well, I call this a very comfortable lodging-house," said Ready.

"And I am sure," replied William, "it's very pretty. Mamma will be delighted with it."

"We shall have no want of bananas in a few weeks, Sir," said Ready; "look, they are all in blossom already. Well, now I suppose we had

better leave every thing here, and go back again. We must have another trip this afternoon, and sleep here to-night."

They went down to the boat, and sailed back as before; by ten o'clock in the morning they had regained the house, and then they made the arrangements for their work during the remainder of the day. It was agreed that the provisions necessary for a day or two, the table and chairs, the cooking utensils, and a portion of their clothes, should be taken round that afternoon, that Ready and William should come back early the next morning, and then they should all set off together through the wood to the new location. Little Albert could now walk very well, and would not require to be carried, except now and then. Tommy and Caroline of course would walk with Juno, the sheep and lambs (for they had four lambs), the goats and kids, were to be driven through the wood by Mr. Seagrave, William, and Ready, and the dogs would be very

useful in driving them. As for the fowls and chickens, it was decided they should be left, as Ready and William could look after them on their occasional visits.

TOMMY AND PIGS.

CHAPTER IV.

The boat was well loaded that afternoon, and they had a heavy pull round, and hard work afterwards, to carry all the articles up. William and Ready were, therefore, not sorry when their work was done, and they went to bed as soon as they had taken their supper.

At sunrise, they went back to the bay in the boat, which they hauled up, and then proceeded to the house, where they found that every one was ready to start. Mr. Seagrave had collected all the animals, and they set off; the marks on the trees were very plain, and they had no difficulty in finding their way; but they had a good deal of trouble with the goats and sheep, and did not get on very fast. It was three hours before they got clear of the cocoa-nut grove, and Mrs. Seagrave was quite tired out. At last they arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave could not help exclaiming "how beautiful!"

When they came to where the tents were pitched by the side of the bananas, they were equally pleased: it was quite a fairy spot. Mrs. Seagrave went into her tent to repose after her fatigue; the goats and sheep were allowed to stray away as they pleased, and were feeding with avidity upon the fresh herbage; the dogs laid down, panting with their long journey; Juno

put little Albert on the bed, while she went with William to collect fuel to cook the dinner; Ready went to the pits to get some water, while Mr. Seagrave walked about, examining the different clumps of trees, with which the meadow was studded; Caroline was in the tent with her mother, and Tommy sat on the ground, and stared about him.

When Ready returned with the buckets of water, he called the dogs, and went back towards the yam plantation. Tommy got up after a while, and followed; the dogs went into the yams, and were soon barking furiously, which pleased Tommy very much; when, of a sudden, out burst again in a drove all the pigs, followed by the dogs, and so close to Tommy that he screamed with fright, and tumbled over head and heels.

"I thought you were there, my gentlemen," said Ready, "looking after the pigs; the sooner we fence you out the better."

The pigs scampered away, and went into the cocoa-nut grove as they had done before. Tommy also scampered away as soon as he could recover his legs. The dogs followed the pigs, and did not return for a long while afterwards, and then came back hot and tired, proving that they must have chased them for a long distance.

It was late before the dinner was ready, and they were all very glad to go early to bed.

At day dawn, William and Ready had again started, and walked through the cocoa-nut grove back to the house, to bring round in the boat the articles of furniture and the clothes which had been left. Having collected every thing in the house, and procured some more pork and flour from the storehouse, they completed the load by spearing one of the turtles which remained, and putting it into the bottom of the boat; they then set off again for their new residence, and arrived in time for breakfast. After the meal was over, they were assisted by Juno and Mr. Seagrave in

bringing the contents of the boats up to the tents.

"What a delightful spot this is," said Mrs. Seagrave. "I think we ought always to make it our summer residence, and only go back to the house during the rainy season."

"It is much cooler here, Madam, during the summer, and much more pleasant; but we are more protected in the house by the cocoa-nut grove."

"Yes; that is true, and is very valuable during the rainy season; but it makes it warmer in the summer time; we have not such a nice breeze as we have here. I assure you, Ready, that I like the change, and shall be sorry when we have to go back again."

"I saw such pretty parrots this morning," said little Caroline; "I wish I had one for my very own."

"I'll try, Miss, to find you a young one by-and-by; but it is too soon yet," replied Ready.

"Now I must go, and help Juno to cut up the turtle. We must make our larder among the banana trees."

"But what are we all to do, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave; "we must not be idle."

"No, Sir; but I think we must give up this day to putting every thing to rights, and making every thing comfortable inside the tents; we must be at Mrs. Seagrave's orders to-day, and to-morrow we will commence the ditch and hedge round the yam plantation. We need not work very hard at it, for I don't think the pigs will venture here again, as I mean to tie up all the dogs round the yam patch every night, and their barking will keep them off."

"That will be a very good plan, Ready. What beautiful food there is for the sheep and goats."

"Yes, Sir; this must be their future residence for the best part of the year. Now, Sir, I think that to-morrow we will begin a piece of the ditch, and shew William how to put in the

cuttings of prickly pear for the hedge, and then, Sir, I should propose that we leave Master William here with his mother, to work at his leisure, while you and I go to the cove to examine the stores, and select what it will be necessary to bring round. I think you said that you must go yourself?"

"Yes, Ready, I wish to go; Mrs. Seagrave will not object to parting with me for three or four days. When we have made selection, I will then return, and then you and William, who is more used to the boat than I am, can bring the stores round. I presume we shall not bring them here?"

"No, Sir; we will take them round to the storehouse. When we have done that job, we must then commence our alterations and our stockade."

READY AND MR. SEAGRAVE AT THE COVE.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning, they went with their shovels to the yam plantation, and commenced their work. As the ground was soft and swampy, the labour was very easy. The ditch was dug nearly a yard wide, and the earth thrown up on a bank inside. They then went to where the large patch

of prickly pears grew, and cut a quantity, which they planted on the top of the bank. Before night, they had finished about nine or ten yards of the hedge and ditch.

"I don't think that the pigs will get over that when it is finished," said Ready, "and Master William will be able to get on by himself when we are gone, as well as if we were with him."

"Yes; but not quite so fast, Ready."

"Don't overwork yourself, Master William; all you have to do is to tether the dogs as I did last night, and I have no doubt, that after one or two more attempts, the pigs will come no more."

"I'll try if I cannot shoot a pig or two," said William.

"Let it be a young one, then, Sir; we must not kill the old ones. Now I think we may as well go back; the sun will soon be down, and Juno is carrying in the supper."

Before Mr. Seagrave and Ready started on the following morning, the latter gave William di-

rections as to the boat. The provisions and the knapsack having been already prepared, they took leave of Mrs. Seagrave, and set off, each armed with a musket, and Ready with his axe slung over his shoulder. They had a long walk before them, as they had first to find their way back to the house, and from thence had to walk through the wood to the cove, so that it was a long round to take, but that could not be helped, as they were obliged to follow the blazing or marks which they had made in the trees.

As soon as they arrived at the house, they stopped there an hour to rest, and then went down to the garden at the point; the potatoes and peas in the garden were looking very well, and the onion seed had not failed. Ready carefully examined and repaired the fence, because, as he observed, now that the wild pigs were driven away from the yams, they would, in all probability, come there in search of food.

"How solitary and deserted the place looks

now, Ready, that there is nothing living to be seen," observed Mr. Seagrave. "Let us go on."

They recommenced their journey, and in two hours more reached the cove, where they had first landed. The rocks near to it were strewed with timber and planks, which lay bleaching in the sun, or half buried in the sand at the little cove. Mr. Seagrave sat down, and sighed deeply, as he said, "Ready, the sight of these timbers, of which the good ship Pacific was built, and which are now strewed in every direction, recalls feelings which I had hoped to have dismissed from my mind; but I cannot help them rising up. The remains of this vessel appear to me as the last link between us and the civilized world, which we have been torn from, and all my thoughts of home and country, and I may say all my longing for them, are revived as strong as ever."

"And very natural that they should, Mr. Seagrave; I feel it also. I am content, it is true, because I have nothing to wish or look

forward to; but still I could not help thinking of poor Captain Osborn and my shipmates, as I looked upon the wreck, and wishing that I might take them by the hand again. It is very natural that one should do so. Why, Sir, do you know that I feel unhappy even about the poor ship. We sailors love our vessels, especially when they have good qualities, and the Pacific was as fine a vessel as ever was built (a little wall sided, perhaps, but that was of no consequence). Now, Sir, I feel quite melancholy when I see her planks and timbers lying about here. They seem to me like the skeleton of some human being, who has been cast away, and whose bones, after a time, lie bleaching in the sun and wind. But, Sir, if we cannot help feeling as we do, it is our duty to check the feeling, so that it does not get the mastery over us. We can do no more."

"Very true, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, rising up; "it is not only useless, but even sinful, to indulge in them, as they only can lead to our

repining at the decrees of Heaven. Let us now examine the rocks, and see if any thing has been thrown up that may be of use to us."

They walked round, but with the exception of spars and a barrel or two of tar, they could find nothing of value. There was no want of staves and iron hoops of broken casks, and these, Ready observed, would make excellent palings for the garden when they had time to bring them round; and he said, that he thought there were so many, that they might pale off a piece of land to sow their wheat and barley in by-and-by, and in the meantime it would enable them to make hay for the winter provisions of the stock, which, however, was not of such consequence, now that they had such a quantity of Banana stems to feed the animals with during the rainy season.

After they had returned, they sat down to rest themselves, and then they went to the tents in the cocoa-nut grove, in which they had collected

the articles thrown up when the ship went to pieces.

"Why! the pigs have been at work here," said Ready; "they have contrived to open one cask of flour somehow or another; look, Sir—I suppose it must have been shaky, or they could not have routed into it; the canvas is not good for much, I fear; fortunately, we have several bolts of new, which I brought on shore. Now, Sir, we will see what condition the stores are in. All these are casks of flour, and we run no risk in opening them, and seeing if they are in good order."

The first cask which was opened had a cake round it as hard as a board; but when it was cut through with the axe, the inside was found in a good state.

"That's all right, Sir; and I presume the others will be the same; the salt water has got in so far and made a crust, which has preserved the rest; however, we shall open them all as

they come to hand. But now let us go to dinner, and to work afterwards. We have some nice cold fried turtle steaks, which Juno has packed up for us."

OPENING THE CASES.

CHAPTER VI.

After dinner they resumed their labour. "I wonder what's in this case?" said Mr. Seagrave, pointing to the first at hand. Ready set to work with his axe, and broke off the lid, and found a number of pasteboard boxes full of tapes,

narrow ribbons, stay laces, whalebones, and cottons on reels.

"This has been sent out for some Botany Bay milliner," said Mr. Seagrave, "I presume, and I don't doubt she has been very much put out at not receiving it; however, we must confiscate it for the benefit of Mrs. Seagrave and Miss Caroline. We will take them to them as soon as we have time. Now for another, Ready."

The next was a box without a lock; the lid was forced up, and they found a dozen half-gallon square bottles of gin stored in divisions.

"That's Hollands, Sir, I know," said Ready; "what shall we do with it?"

"We will not destroy it, Ready, but at the same time we will not use it but as a medicine," replied Mr. Seagrave; "we have been so long used to spring-water, that it would be a pity to renew a taste for spirituous liquors; we will take a bottle or two of it round when we have room for it; it may be useful."

"I trust we shall never want to drink a drop of it, Sir, either as a medicine, or otherwise. Now for this cask with wooden hoops."

The head was soon out, and discovered a dinner set of painted china with gold edges, which was very beautiful.

"Well, Mr. Seagrave, this may be useful, for we are rather short of plates and dishes. Common white would have served as well."

"And be more suitable, certainly, with our present outfit," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but nevertheless, as you say, this fine china is just as useful as common, and therefore not to be despised."

"Here's a box with your name on it, Sir," said Ready; "do you know what is in it?"

"I have no idea, Ready, but your axe will decide the point."

When the box was opened, every thing appeared in a sad mouldy state from the salt water which had penetrated; but on removing the

brown paper and pasteboard, it was found to contain stationery of all sorts, and except on the outside, it was very little injured.

"This is indeed a treasure, Ready. I recollect now; this is paper, pens, and every thing requisite for writing, besides children's books, copy-books, paint-boxes, and a great many other articles in the stationery line."

"Well, Sir, that is fortunate. Now, we may set up our school, and as the whole population of the island will attend it, it will really be a National School."

"Very true, Ready. Now for that cask."

"I can tell what that is by the outside; it is oil, and very acceptable, for our candles are nearly out. But there are two or three cases more of candles which we saved. We shall come to them by-and-by. Now we come to the most valuable of all our property."

"What is that, Ready?"

"All the articles which I brought on shore in

the different trips I took in the boat before the ship went to pieces; for you see, Sir, iron don't swim, and, therefore, what I looked after most was iron ware of all sorts, and tools. I have a famous lot of nails. Here are three kegs of small nails, besides two bags of large, and there are several axes, hammers, and other tools, besides all these hanks of twine, sailing needles, and bees-wax, and here's a few bolts of fine canvas, and all in good order."

"They are indeed valuable, Ready."

"Yes, Sir, we should have been sadly in want of them, for those two savages took all that they could lay their hands upon in the way of iron when they started off in the canoe. It was fortunate we had not brought any more round. Here's some more of my plunder, as the Americans say. All these are wash-deck buckets, this a small harness-cask for salting meat, and here's the cook's wooden trough for making bread, which will please Miss Juno; and in it, you see, I have put

all the galley-hooks, ladles, and spoons, and the iron trivets (they will be very useful), and here's two lamps. I think I put some cotton wicks somewhere—I know I did; we shall find them by-and-by. Here's the two casks, one of cartridges made up, and the other of gunpowder; and here's the half-cask of cartridges, all in good order, and the other six muskets, which, by-the-bye, will want a little cleaning. But that was to be expected."

"These are really treasures, Ready, and yet how well we have done without them."

"Very true, Sir, but we shall do better with them, and when we fit up the storehouse for a dwelling, Mr. Seagrave, we shall be able to make it a little more comfortable in every respect than the present one; for you see there, all the fir-planking and deals, which Master William and I buried in the sand; why, Sir, we shall be able to floor the house, and make capital bed places."

"I really had quite forgotten them, Ready;

but, as you say, there are enough for all that you propose, and twice over. If I could but get the fear of the savages coming over out of my head, I really think we might live very comfortably, even on this island."

"Do you know, Mr. Seagrave, I am glad to hear you say that, for it proves that you are more contented and resigned than you were."

"I am so, Ready—at least I think so; but perhaps it is, that the immediate danger from the savages so fills my thoughts, that I no longer dwell so much upon our being taken off the island. One anxiety has to a certain degree driven away and quelled the other."

"I dare say it is as you state, Sir; but now let us go on with our search. Here are the ship's compasses, and deep sea line and reel, also the land lead. The stuff will be very useful for our little boat."

"And I am very glad of the compasses, Ready; for with them I shall be able to make a

sort of survey of the island, when I have a little time. Your pocket compass is too small for surveying. Perhaps you don't know that in my younger days I went out to Sydney as a surveyor?"

"No, I never did hear of that. I suppose, then, you'll be able to tell exactly how many acres of feed we have for the animals?"

"Yes, I will tell you that as soon as we get back; but I shall take some bearings now, while I am here, as I may not be back again very soon."

"Well, Sir, I think if we open this other case, which I perceive has your name on it, it will be as much as we need do to-day, for the sun is going down, and I feel a little tired; we can then make up some kind of bed, eat our suppers, and go to sleep."

"I am very tired, Ready, and shall be glad to do as you propose. That case contains books; but what portion of my library I do not know."

"But you soon will, Sir," replied Ready,

wrenching it open with his axe. "They are a little stained on the outside, but they are jammed so tight, that they do not appear to have suffered much. Here are one or two, Sir."

"Plutarch's Lives. I am glad I have them: they are excellent reading for young or old; there is no occasion to open any more, Ready, as I know all the other books in the case are 'History;' perhaps the best case which could have been saved."

"I think there are two others, Sir; but that we can see to-morrow."

MR. SEAGRAVE AND READY WITH THE PIG.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Seagrave and Ready then set to work, and made a rough sort of bed of cocoa-nut branches; and, after eating their supper, committed themselves to the divine protection, and went to sleep. The next morning they resumed their labour, and opened every other case and package that had

been saved from the wreck; they found more books, four boxes of candles, three casks of rice (good and damaged), and several other useful articles, besides many others which were of no value to them.

A chest of tea, and two bags of coffee, which Ready had brought on shore, were, much to their delight, found in good order; but there was no sugar, the little which they had saved having been melted away.

"That's unfortunate, Sir. Master Tommy won't like to go without sugar; but it is not absolutely necessary."

"Master Tommy must learn privation, Ready. We cannot expect to get things here, as though we were a hundred yards from a grocer's shop. Now let us go to where we covered up the other articles with sand."

The sand was shovelled up, and the barrels of beef and pork and the deal boards found in good order, but many other things were quite spoilt.

About noon they had finished, and as they had plenty of time, Mr. Seagrave took the bearings of the different points of land with the compasses. They then shouldered their muskets, and Ready taking a few pounds of damaged rice for the fowls, set off on their return.

They gained the house in the bay, and having rested a little while at the storehouse, they proceeded on their way to the tents in the meadow. They had about half a mile to go, when Ready heard a noise, and made a sign to Mr. Seagrave to stop. Ready whispering to Mr. Seagrave that the pigs were all close to them, loaded his musket; Mr. Seagrave did the same, and they walked very softly to where they now heard their grunting; they did not see them till they were within twenty yards, and then they came upon the whole herd: the pigs raised their heads; the old ones gave a loud grunt, and then, just as Ready fired his musket, they all set off at full speed. Mr. Seagrave had no opportunity of

firing, but Ready had shot one, which lay kicking and struggling under a cocoa-nut tree.

"A piece of fresh pork will be quite a treat, Mr. Seagrave," said Ready, as they walked up to where the animal was lying.

"It will, indeed, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "we must contrive to carry the beast home between us."

"We will sling it on the musket, Sir, and it will not be very heavy. It is one of those born on the island, and a very fine fellow for his age."

The pig was soon slung, and they carried it between them. As they cleared the wood, they perceived Mrs. Seagrave and William, who had heard the report of the musket, and had come out to meet them. Mrs. Seagrave was a little agitated, but as soon as she saw the pig, she knew why the musket had been fired.

"I was a little alarmed when I heard the musket fired, I must say," said Mrs. Seagrave, as she embraced her husband. "I had no idea that

you would be back to-day. We are all quite well."

William took the load from his father, who walked on with Mrs. Seagrave.

"Well, Master William, what news have you?" said Ready.

"Why, very good, Ready. Yesterday evening, when I was tired of work, I thought I would take the boat, and try if there was any fish to be caught on this side of the island, in the deep water, and I caught three large ones, quite different from those we took among the reefs. We had one for breakfast and dinner to-day, and it was excellent."

"Did you go out in the boat by yourself?"

"No; I took Juno with me. Mamma said that she could spare her for an hour or so. She pulls very well, Ready."

"She is a handy girl, Master William. Well, we have had our survey, and there will be plenty of work for you and me, I can tell you; I don't

think we can bring every thing round in a week; so I suppose to-morrow we had better be off. But we must hear what your father says."

"Well, I like boating better than ditching, I can tell you, Ready," replied William. "I shan't be sorry to leave that work to my father."

"I suppose it must fall to him, Sir; as he will, of course, prefer staying with Mrs. Seagrave and the children."

As soon as they were at the tents, Ready hung up the pig to the cross pole of the tent in which he and William and Mr. Seagrave slept, and having propped the muskets up against the side of the tent, he went with William to get his knife and some stretchers of wood to open the pig with. While he and William were away, Caroline and Tommy came out to look at the pig, and Tommy, after telling Caroline how glad he was that they were to have roast pig for dinner, took up one of the muskets, and said, "Now, Caroline, I'll shoot the pig."

"Oh! Tommy, you must not touch the gun," cried Caroline; "papa will be very angry; recollect you made it go off when we were at the cove."

"I don't care," replied Tommy. "I'll shew you how to shoot the pig."

"Don't, Tommy," cried Caroline; "if you do, I'll go and tell mamma."

"Then I'll shoot you," replied Tommy, trying to point the musket at her.

Caroline was so frightened, that she ran away as fast as she could, and then Tommy, using all his strength, contrived to get the musket up to his shoulder, and pulled the trigger.

It so happened that Tommy had taken up Mr. Seagrave's musket, which had not been fired, and when he pulled the trigger it went off, and as he did not hold it tight to his shoulder, it recoiled, and hit him with the butt right on his face, knocking out two of his teeth, and bruising his cheek very much, besides making his nose bleed very fast.

Tommy was so astonished and frightened at the musket going off, and the blow which he received, that he gave a loud yell, dropped the musket, and ran to the tent where his father and mother were, just as they had started up and had rushed out at hearing the report.

When Mrs. Seagrave saw Tommy all covered with blood, and screaming so loud, she was so alarmed that she could not stand, and she fell fainting in Mr. Seagrave's arms. Ready and William, on hearing the musket go off, had run as fast as they could, fearing that some accident had happened; and while Mr. Seagrave supported his wife, Ready went to Tommy, and wiping the blood off his face with the palm of his hand, perceived that there was no wound or serious mischief, and cried out to Mr. Seagrave, "He's not hurt, Sir; it's only his nose bleeding. Leave off crying and screaming, you naughty boy. How dare you touch the musket?"

"Musket knock me down," cried Tommy, sobbing, as the blood ran out of his mouth.

"Serve you right, Master Tommy; you'll take care not to touch the musket again?"

"I won't touch it again," cried Tommy, blubbering; "it shoot me."

Juno now came up with some water to wash his face; Mrs. Seagrave had recovered, and gone back into the tent, on Mr. Seagrave telling her that it was only Tommy's nose which was bleeding.

In about half an hour Tommy had ceased crying, and his nose had left off bleeding; his face was washed, and then it was discovered that he had lost two front teeth, and that his cheek and lips were very much bruised. He was undressed, and put to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

"I should not have left the muskets," said Ready to William; "it was my fault, but I thought Mr. Tommy had been told so often not to touch fire-arms, that he would not have dared to do so; but if there is mischief to be done, he is certain to find it out."

"He pointed it at me, and tried to shoot me," said Caroline, "but I ran away."

"Merciful heavens! what an escape!" cried Mrs. Seagrave. "Had he pulled the trigger then, my dear child would have been killed. Naughty boy that he is."

"He has been well punished this time, Madam, and I'll venture to say he will not touch a musket again in a hurry."

"Yes; but he must be punished more," said Mr. Seagrave; "he must remember it."

"Well, Sir, if he is to be punished more, I think you cannot punish him better than by not allowing him to have any of the pig when it is cooked. Master Tommy is so fond of his dinner, that it will be the greatest punishment which you can inflict."

"I think so too, Ready; and therefore that is a settled thing—no pig for Master Tommy."

After this conversation they had their supper, and went to bed.

FOWLS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning Master Tommy's face presented a very woful appearance. His cheek and lips were swelled and black, and the loss of his two front teeth made him look much worse; fortunately, they were his first teeth, or it would have been of more serious consequence.

Tommy looked very glum when he came to breakfast. But he had been very saucy to Juno, telling her that he had shot the pig, and would go out and shoot another, as soon as this one was eaten up.

There was the pig's fry for breakfast, and the smell of it had been very inviting to Tommy; but when his father scolded him, and told him that he was not to have one bit of the pig, he began to cry and roar so loud, that he was sent away from the tents till he had left off.

After breakfast, Ready proposed that he and William should take the boat, and begin their labour of carrying the articles round from the cove to the bay where the house was, pointing out that there was not a day to be lost. Juno had, at his request, already baked a large piece of the pig for them to take with them, and boiled a piece of salt-pork, so that they were all ready to start. Mr. Seagrave agreed to work at the hedge and ditch round the yam plantations during their absence.

"But, Ready," said Mrs. Seagrave, "how long do you intend to remain absent with William?"

"Why, Madam, this is Wednesday; of course we shall be back on Saturday night. We must get the work done, and the sooner the better."

"My dear William, I cannot bear the idea of your being absent so long, and as you will be on the water every day, I shall be in a continual fright until I see you again."

"Well, Mamma, I suppose I must write by the penny post, to let you know how I am."

"Don't laugh at me, William. I do wish there was a penny post, and that you could write every day."

Ready and William made every preparation for a continued absence. They took their blankets with them, and a small pot for cooking, and when all was prepared, they bade Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave farewell. Juno assisted to get the luggage down to the boat. They were now to pull to the bay, and leave their luggage, and then

to go round to the cove. As they shoved off, William took the dog Remus into the boat.

"Why do you take the dog, Master William? he will be of use here in keeping the pigs away, but of no use to us."

"Yes, he will, Ready; I must take him; for I have an idea come into my head, so let me have my own way."

"Well, Mr. William, you can always have your own way, as far as I'm concerned; if you wish to take the dog, there is an end of the matter. Good bye, Juno."

"Good bye, Massa Ready; good bye, Mr. William; mind you come back Saturday, and bring fish with you."

"We'll bring you a *turtle*, Juno; for they will come to the island again soon, and then we will turn plenty more."

They hoisted the sail, and as the breeze was fresh, were round to the bay in a very short time. They took their provisions and stores up to the

house, and made fast the door, called the fowls, and gave them some of the damaged rice which Ready had brought round with him, and found, to their great delight, that they had now upwards of forty chickens, all healthy, and doing well; some, indeed, quite grown, and large enough to kill; but as they had plenty of fresh provisions, it had been decided that they should not be touched as yet, for the eggs would be of more value to them than the fowls.

They then got into the boat again, and pulled away for the cove; the wind was fresh, and against them, so they had a long pull; but, as Ready observed, it was much better that it should be so, as, when the boat was loaded, they could very quickly sail back again to the bay.

As soon as they arrived at the cove, they lost no time in loading the boat; the nails, and iron work of every description, with the twine and tools which Ready had brought on shore, composed the major part of the first cargo; a cask of

flour, and a box of candles, with some bolts of canvas, filled the boat, and calling Remus, who was lying on the sandy beach at the cove, they shoved off, hoisted their sail, and in an hour had regained the bay, and passed through the reef.

"I'm glad that this cargo has arrived safe, Master William, for it is very valuable to us. Now we will take them all up, and that will be sufficient for to-day; to-morrow, if we can, we will make two trips; do you think you can manage it, Sir?"

"Oh! yes; if we only start very early," replied William; "but now let us have our dinner, and carry the remainder of the things up afterwards."

As they were eating their dinner, and William was giving the bones to the dog, Ready said, "Pray, Master William, what was the idea in your head which made you bring Remus with you?"

"I will tell you, Ready; I may be wrong, but

I think I am not; I mean him to carry a letter to mamma; you know that he always goes back when he is ordered, and now I wish to see if he will not go back to the tents, if he is told. I have brought a piece of paper and pencil with me."

William then wrote on the paper,

"Dear Mamma:—We are quite well, and just returned with the first cargo quite safe.

"Your affectionate Son,

"WILLIAM."

William tied the paper round the dog's neck with a piece of twine, and then calling him out of the house, said to him, "Remus, *go back*, Sir—*go back*, Sir;" the dog looked wistfully at William, as if not sure of what he was to do, but William took up a stone, and pretended to throw it at the dog, who ran away a little distance, and then stopped.

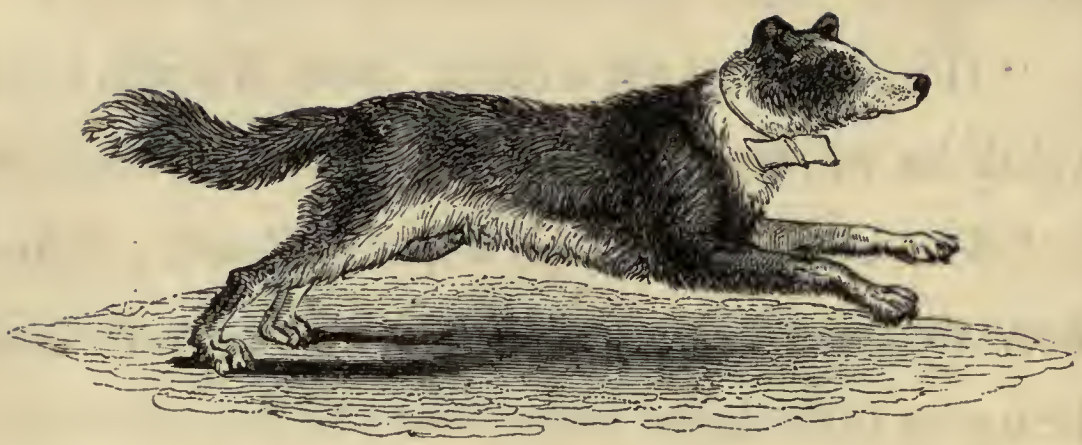
"*Go back*, Remus—*go back*, Sir." William again pretended to throw the stone, repeating the order, and then the dog set off as fast as his legs could carry him through the cocoa-nut grove.

"He is gone at all events," said William; "I think he will go home."

"We shall see, Sir," replied Ready; "and now that we have finished our dinner, we will bring up the things."

"Where shall we put them?"

"In the storehouse, Master William. It will be a good long job, for those kegs of nails and cases are very heavy, and will require both of us to carry them; so we must make a good many trips. However, we have three or four hours daylight."



THE POSTMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as they had carried up the whole of the cargo, they secured the boat, and went up to the house to sleep. Just as they went in, Remus came bounding up to them with the letter round his neck.

"Here's the dog, Master William," said Ready; "he won't go home after all."

"How provoking; I made sure he would go

back; I really am disappointed." We will give him nothing to eat, and then he will; but dear me, Ready, this is not the paper I tied round his neck. I think not. Let me see. William took the paper, opened it, and read,

"Dear William:—Your letter arrived safe, and we are glad you are well. Write every day, and God bless you; it was very clever of you and Remus.

"Your affectionate Mother,

"SELINA SEAGRAVE."

"Well, it is very clever," said Ready; "I'm sure I had no idea he had gone; and his coming back again, too, when he was ordered."

"Dear Remus, good dog," said William, caressing it; "nice, good dog: now I'll give you a good supper, for you deserve it."

"So he does, Sir. Well, you've established a post on the island, which is a great improvement.

Seriously, Mr. William, it may prove very useful."

"At all events it will be a great comfort to my mother."

"Yes, Sir; especially as we shall be obliged all three to be here when we fit up the storehouse, and make the proposed alterations. Now I think we had better go to bed, Sir, for we must be up with the lark to-morrow, as they say in England."

"And here I suppose we must say, up with the parrots; for they are the only land birds on the island."

"You forget the pigeons, Sir; I saw one of them in the wood the other day, but they are breeding just now. Good night, Sir."

The next morning, they were off before breakfast, and as the wind was not so fresh, they had not so hard a pull. The boat was soon loaded, and they returned under sail. They then breakfasted, and having left the things they had brought on the beach, that they might lose no

time, they set off again, and returned with another cargo two hours before dusk; this they landed, and then secured the boat. As soon as they were in the house, William wrote on a piece of paper:—

"Dear Mamma:—We have brought round two cargoes to-day. All well, and very tired.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM."

Remus did not require any teaching this time. William patted him, and said, "Good dog. Now, Remus, go back—go home, Sir;" and the dog wagged his tail, and set off immediately.

Before they were in bed, the dog returned with the answer.

"How fast he must run, Ready; he has not been away more than two hours."

"No, Sir. What does mamma say?"

"Only, 'All's well; won't detain your messenger.'"

"So now, Remus, you shall have plenty of supper, and plenty of patting and coaxing, for you are a clever, good little dog."

The next day, as they had to take the two cargoes up to the house, they could only make one trip to the cove. The post was sent to the tents, and returned with the answer as before.

On Saturday they only made one trip, as they had to return to the tents, which they did by water, having first put a turtle into the boat; on their arrival, they found them all at the little harbour, waiting to receive them.

"Well, William, dear, you did keep your promise and send me a letter by post," said Mrs. Seagrave. "How very delightful it is; I shall have no fear now when you are all away."

"I must teach Romulus and Vixen to do the same, Mamma."

"And I'll teach the puppies," said Tommy; "and I'll write letters."

"Yes, Master Tommy; by the time you can

write a letter, the puppies will be old enough to carry it," said Ready. "I see your face is not quite well yet; you won't shoot any more dead pigs, I hope."

"No, I won't; but I'll eat plenty more of the next one that you kill."

"That will be much wiser, Master Tommy. Come, Albert, dear, I'll carry you up; you and I haven't had a game of play for a long while. How does the ditch and hedge get on, Mr. Seagrave?"

"Pretty well, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "I have nearly finished two sides. I think by the end of next week I shall have pretty well enclosed it."

"Well, Sir, you must not work too hard, there is no great hurry; William and I can get through a great deal together."

"It is my duty to work, Ready; and I may add, it is a pleasure. Now we will go to supper."

As they were at supper the conversation turned upon the cleverness shewn by the dog Remus.

Mr. Seagrave then narrated many instances of the sagacity of animals, when William asked the question of his father: "What is the difference then between reason and instinct?"

"The difference is very great, William, as I will explain to you; but I must first observe, that it has been the custom to say that man is governed by reason, and animals by instinct, alone. This is an error. Man has instinct as well as reason; and animals, although chiefly governed by instinct, have reasoning powers."

"In what points does man shew that he is led by instinct?"

"When a child is first born, William, it acts by instinct only, the reasoning powers are not yet developed; as we grow up, our reason becomes every day more matured, and gains the mastery over our instinct, which decreases in proportion."

"Then, when we have grown to a good old age, I suppose we have no instinct left in us?"

"Not so, my dear boy; there is one and a most powerful instinct implanted in man which never deserts him on this side of the grave. It is the fear, not of death, but of utter annihilation, that of becoming nothing after death. This instinctive feeling could not have been so deeply implanted in us, but as an assurance that we shall not be annihilated after death, but that our souls shall still exist, although our bodies shall have perished. It may be termed the instinctive evidence of a future existence."

"That is very true, Mr. Seagrave," observed old Ready.

"Instinct in animals, William," continued Mr. Seagrave, "is a feeling which compels them to perform certain acts without previous thought or reflection; this instinct is in full force at the moment of their birth; it is the guidance of the Almighty's hand unseen; it was therefore perfect

in the beginning, and has never varied. The swallow built her nest, the spider its web, the bee formed its comb, precisely in the same way four thousand years ago, as they do now. I may here observe, that one of the greatest wonders of instinct is the mathematical form of the honey-comb of the bee, which has been proved by demonstration to be that by which is given the greatest possible saving of time and labour. The wonders of instinct are chiefly to be observed among those animals which are gregarious, or which live in communities."

"Explain that to me, Papa."

"Gregarious animals are those which live in flocks; for instance, take the many varieties of birds—the swallow, the wild fowl, the sea birds, the rooks, and the crows. The instinct which they shew in their migrations from one part of the world to the other, the method of the flight of wild fowl so as to offer the least resistance to the wind, each bird taking his station in the order

of flight with a precision which could only have been dictated by a secret unerring power: then again, their practice of placing sentinels to watch when they sleep, or give the alarm at the approach of danger. All this is pure instinct, and wonderful; and it is equally to be observed in beasts as in birds."

"And those which live in communities, Papa?"

"Such as the ant, the bee, and many other insects, and the beaver among animals. Nothing is more admirable than the precision of their work, their means of communication, and the exact discharge of duty in each individual."

"But that is all pure instinct, Papa; now you said that animals had reasoning powers. Will you point out to me how they shew that they have?"

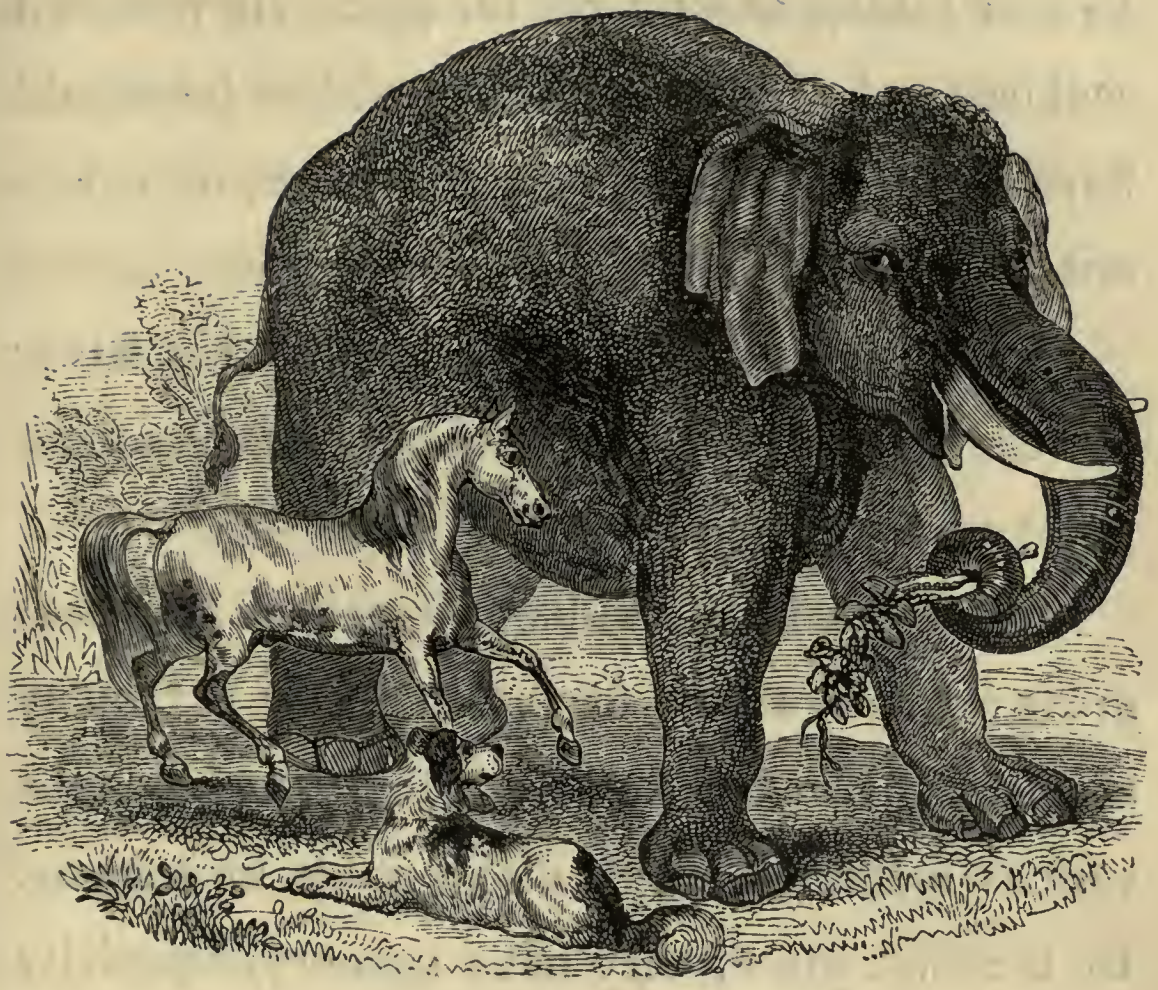
"I will, my dear boy; but we had better defer it till another evening. It is time to go to bed. Caroline is asleep, and Tommy is yawning."

"Their instinct and reason are both opposed

to me, Papa, replied William, laughing, "so I must wait; but I really am most anxious to hear what you have to tell me on the subject."

"And so am I, Master William," replied Ready; "but I am not sorry to have time to think about what Mr. Seagrave has already said; there is much to wonder at."

"There always will be, Ready, when we examine the works of God. Good-night."



ELEPHANT, HORSE, AND DOG.

CHAPTER X.

The following day, being Sunday, was devoted to the usual religious exercises. Tommy stole away out of the tent, while Mr. Seagrave was reading a sermon, to have a peep at the turtle soup, which was boiling on the fire; however, Juno suspected him, and had hold of him just as

he was taking the lid off the pot. He was well scolded, and very much frightened lest he should have no soup for his dinner; however, as it was not a very heavy offence, he was forgiven.

In the evening, William requested his father to renew the conversation about the reasoning powers of animals.

"With pleasure, William," replied Mr. Seagrave; "it is a very fit discourse for a Sunday evening. Let us, however, first examine the various mental faculties discoverable in animals. In the first place, they have memory, especially memory of persons and places, quite as tenacious as our own. A dog will recognize an old master after many years' absence. An elephant, who had again escaped into the woods, after twenty years remaining in a wild state, recognized his old mahoot, or driver. A dog will find his way back, when taken more than a hundred miles from his master's residence. The memory of the parrot and cockatoo is also very remarkable.

Another proof of memory in animals, were it required, is that they dream. Now, a dream is a confused recollection of past events; and how often do you not hear Romulus and Remus growling, barking, and whining in their sleep."

"Very true, Papa."

"Well, then, they have attention. See how patiently a cat will remain for hours before a hole, in watch for the mouse to come out. A spider will remain for months watching for the fly to enter its web; but this quality is to be observed in every animal in the pursuit of its prey. They have also association of ideas, which is, in fact, reasoning. A dog proves that; he will allow a gentleman to come up to the door, but fly at a beggar. When he is in charge of any property, he will take no notice of a passer-by; but if a man stops, he barks immediately. I knew a blood-hound who used to leap on the low wall round the premises when he heard any one outside, and walk abreast of the person until he

was clear of the premises. In the elephant this association of ideas is even more remarkable; indeed, he understands what is said to him better than any other animal; his reasoning powers are most extraordinary. Promise him rewards, and he will make wonderful exertion. He is also extremely alive to a sense of shame. The elephants were employed to transport the heavy artillery in India. One of the finest attempted in vain to force a gun through a swamp. 'Take away that lazy beast,' said the director, 'and bring another.' The animal was so stung with the reproach, that it used so much exertion to force the gun on with its head, as to fracture its skull, and it fell dead. When Chunee, the elephant which was so long in Exeter Change, was ordered as usual to take up a sixpence with his trunk, it happened one day that the sixpence rolled against the skirting-board, out of his reach. Chunee stopped, and reflected a little while, and then, drawing the air into his trunk, he threw it out with all his force against

the skirting-board; the rebound of the air from the skirting-board blew the sixpence towards him, and he was enabled to reach it."

"That was very clever of him, indeed," replied William.

"Yes; it was a proof of thought, with a knowledge of cause and effect, which latter quality is also to be discovered in many other animals. Animals have also a knowledge of *time*. I knew two spaniels, belonging to a lady, who always accompanied her out in the carriage, when she went for an airing on the week-days; but on Sundays, when she went to church in the carriage, they were, of course, not taken with her. These dogs knew when Sunday came as well as their mistress. If the carriage drove up to the door on a week-day, the two dogs came bounding out, and, as soon as the steps of the carriage were let down, jumped in immediately; but on Sunday they never attempted it, remaining quietly looking on in the hall. There was a curious instance of

a horse, which, by-the-bye, I consider the most noble animal of creation, which was ridden round by his master, to deliver newspapers. He invariably stopped at the doors where papers were to be left; but it happened that two people, living at different houses, took in a weekly newspaper between them; and it was agreed, that one should have the first reading of it on one week, and the other on the following. After a short time the horse became accustomed to this arrangement, and stopped at the one house on the one week, and at the other house on the following, never making a mistake."

"That was very curious; what a sagacious animal he must have been," observed William.

"Animals also are, as you know, capable of receiving instruction, which is another proof of reasoning powers. The elephant, the horse, the dog, the pig, even birds may be taught a great deal; canary birds, for instance, have been exhibited who fire off cannon, pretend to be dead, and play a variety of tricks."

"But then, Papa, I still wish to know where the line is to be drawn between reason and instinct."

"I was about to come to that very point, William. When animals follow their instinct in providing their food, the bringing up of their young, and their precautions against dangers, they follow certain fixed rules, from which they never deviate. But circumstances may occur against which their instinct can afford them no regular provision; then it is that their reasoning powers are called into action. I will explain this by stating a fact relative to the bee, one of the animals upon which instinct is most powerful in its action. There is a certain large moth, called the Death's-head moth, which is very fond of honey. It sometimes contrives to force its way through the aperture of the hive, and gain an entrance. The bees immediately attack it, and it is soon destroyed by their stings; but the carcase is so large, that they cannot carry it out of the

hive, as they invariably do the bodies of the smaller insects which may have intruded, and it appears that their sense of smell is very acute. What, then, do they do to avoid the stench arising from the dead body of this large moth? Why, they embalm it, covering it entirely with wax, by which it no longer becomes offensive to them."

"But, Papa, might not their instinct have provided for such an event?" observed William.

"If such an event could have occurred to the bees in their wild state, you certainly might have raised the question; but recollect, William, that bees in their wild state live in the hollows of trees, and that the hole by which they enter is never more than sufficiently large to admit one bee at a time; consequently, no animal larger than a bee could gain entrance, and if it did, could of course have been easily removed from the hive; but the bees were here in a new position, in an artificial state, in a hive of straw with a large aperture, and therefore met with an ex-

igence they were not prepared for, and acted accordingly."

"Yes, Papa, I perceive the difference."

"Again, a tame elephant in India fell into a deep tank. It was impossible to hoist him out, and he must therefore have perished there; but his driver, knowing how intelligent the animal was, advised that a quantity of large faggots should be tied up and thrown down to the elephant. The animal perfectly well understood what he was to do. He laid one tier of faggots and stood upon them, and as they continued to throw the faggots down, so did he continue to pile them up tier upon tier, standing upon them till they were high enough for him to walk out of the tank. Now here you perceive that there was an exigence wholly unprovided for; an elephant might fall into a tank, but it was left to the animal itself in this case to exercise its own reasoning powers as to how the faggots thrown down were to enable him to get out again."

"That elephant certainly did reason, Papa. Why, many *men* would not have known what to do with the faggots, if they had not been told."

"It is to be hoped not many, my dear William. I will conclude my observations with one remark. It appears to me, that although the Almighty has thought proper to vary the intellectual and the reasoning powers of animals in the same way that he has varied the species and the forms, yet even in this arrangement He has not been unmindful of the interest and welfare of man. For you will observe, that the reasoning powers are chiefly, if not wholly, given to those animals which man subjects to his service and for his use—the elephant, the horse, and the dog; thereby making these animals of more value, as the powers given to them are at the service and under the control of man."

"That is a beautiful wind-up, Mr. Seagrave, and it's as true as it's beautiful," observed Ready. "It may well be said, 'He is gracious in all things.'"

THE BOAT TOWING TIMBER.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Monday morning, William and Ready went away in the boat, as before, to bring round the various articles from the cove. It had been arranged that they were not to return till the Saturday evening, and that the dog Remus was to bring intelligence of them and their welfare

every afternoon. They worked hard during the week, and on Saturday they had completed their task; with the exception of a portion of the timbers of the ship, every thing had been brought round, but had not been carried up to the storehouse, as that required more time.

On Saturday morning, they went for the last time to the cove, and Ready selected some heavy oak timber out of the quantity which was lying on the beach, part of which they put into the boat, and the remainder they towed astern. It was a heavy load, and although the wind was fair to sail back again to the bay, the boat went but slowly through the water.

"Well, Master William," said Ready, "we have done a good week's work, and I must say it is high time that it is done; for the boat is in rather a crazy condition, and I must contrive to patch her up by-and-by, when there is time."

"We shall not want to use her very much

after this, Ready," replied William; "a few trips round to the little harbour will be all that will be required before we come back again to our old quarters."

"That's true, Master William; but she leaks very much, and at all events I'll give her a coat of pitch as soon as possible. For a slight-built little thing as she is, she has done hard duty."

"Pray, Ready, why, when you speak of a ship or boat, do you always call it *she?*"

"Well, Master William, I don't know why, but it is certain that we sailors always do so. I believe it is because a sailor loves his ship. His ship is his wife, is a very common saying with us; and then you see, Master William, a vessel is almost a thing of life in appearance: she sits like a duck on the water, and when it is calm, she rolls to and fro like a lazy person; make sail on her, and she flies through the water as if she was a porpus or a dolphin; press her with too much canvas, and she complains; and when buffetted

by the tempest, she groans like one who suffers. So that being to us sailors a sort of living thing, and we being fond of her, we call her *she;* I suppose, because a man gets fonder of a woman than any other thing that's living. I believe that's the reason, and of course if a vessel is she, a little boat must be a she also."

"Well, I think you have explained it very well, Ready. I suppose on Monday we shall set to at the storehouse, and alter it for our future residence?"

"Can't begin too soon, Master William," replied Ready; "I don't doubt but Mr. Seagrave has finished the hedge and ditch round the yams by this time, and if so, I expect that Madam will not like to be left in the tents alone with Juno and the children, and so we shall all move back to the house again until we have altered the storehouse; I must say that I would rather that your mamma should remain in the tents until all was finished."

"Because you are afraid of a visit from the savages, Ready?"

"I am, Sir, and that's the truth."

"But, Ready, if they do come, we shall see them coming, and would it not be better that we should all be together, even if we are obliged to conceal ourselves in consequence of not being prepared? Suppose the savages were to overrun the island, and find my mother, my little brother and sister defenceless, at the time we were obliged to retreat from our house; how dreadful that would be!"

"But, Master William, I counted upon retreating to the tents."

"So we can altogether, Ready, unless we are surprised in the night."

"That we must take care not to be. There's not three hours' dark in this season of the year. Well, Master William, I doubt not you may be right, and if they are all with us, Juno will be a great help, and we shall get through our work the faster."

"We had better let the question be decided by my father and mother."

"Very true, Master William; here's the point at last. We will haul the timber on the beach, and then be off as fast as we can, for it is getting late."

It was, indeed, much later than they had usually arrived at the little harbour, owing to the heavy load, which made the boat so long in coming round from the cove; and when they pulled in, they found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the children all down, waiting for them.

"You are very late, William, dear," said Mrs. Seagrave. "I was quite uneasy till I saw the boat at a distance."

"Yes, Mamma; but we could not help it; we had a heavy load to bring round, and now our work is done."

"I am delighted to hear it, William; for I cannot bear you being away so long."

"And my work is done," said Mr. Seagrave;

"the hedge and ditch were finished this morning."

"Well, then," observed Ready, "we must hold another council, but I presume it will not take very long."

"No; I expect not; it seldom does when people are of the same mind. Mrs. Seagrave won't be left here, Ready, and I don't want to leave her, so I presume on Monday we all start home again."

"Yes, Sir; if you please," replied Ready.

"Juno, I hope you have a good supper," said William; "for I'm very hungry."

"Yes, Massa William; plenty fried fish; Massa catch 'em this morning."

"I like turtle soup," said Tommy.

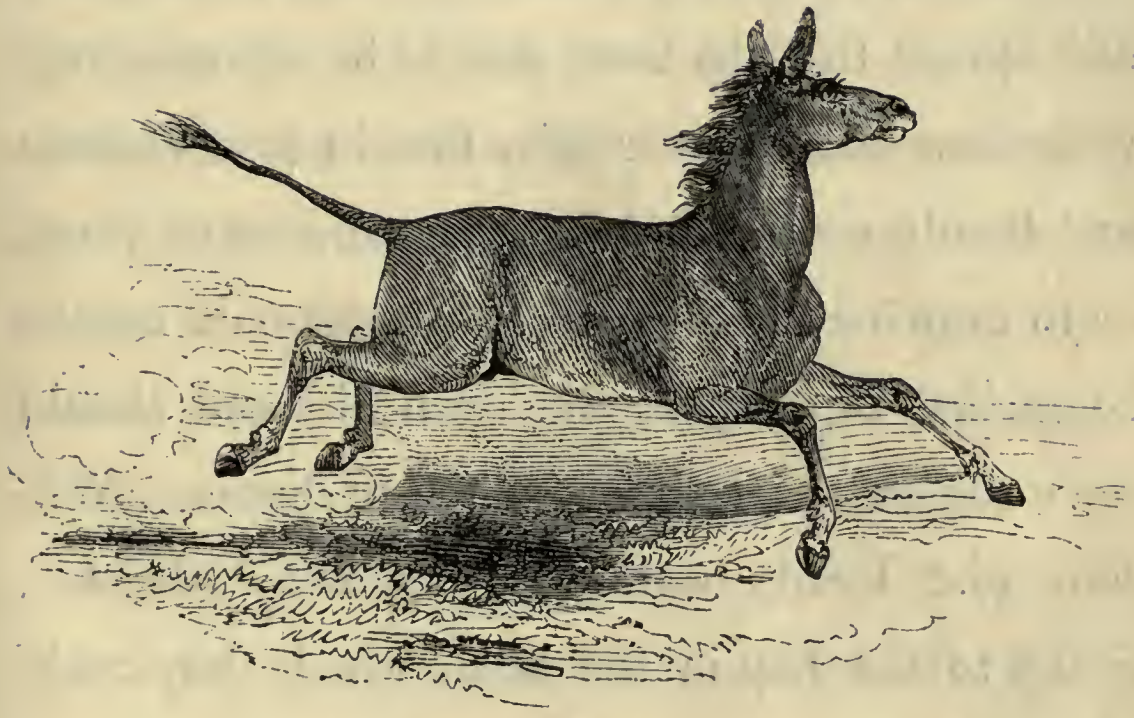
"I believe you like every thing, Master Tommy," replied Ready, "except castor oil beans. You won't eat any more of them."

"No, that I won't; but I'll eat the bananas when they are ripe."

"You would have eaten them before if you could have reached them, I think; but you must grow a little taller first."

"I shall be a man by-and-by," said Tommy.

"I hope you will, and a good man, too," replied old Ready; "but now I must help Juno in getting the supper underway."



WILD ASS.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day being Sunday was a day of repose, and as they had all worked so hard, they felt the luxury of a day of rest. In the afternoon, they agreed that on Monday they should make every preparation for quitting the tents, and returning

to the house at the bay. They decided that the live stock should all be left there, as the pasturage was so plentiful and good, with the exception of one goat, which they would take back with them, to supply them with milk, and they also agreed that the tents should be left standing, with some cooking utensils, that in case William and Ready went round for the bananas or yams, or to examine the live stock, they should not be compelled to sleep in the open air, and should have the means of dressing their dinner. William and Ready were to carry the beds, &c., round to the bay in the boat, which they could do in two trips, and Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, with the family, were to walk through the woods after taking a very early breakfast.

All these points being arranged, they had finished their supper, when William again brought up the conversation about animals, as he was delighted to hear Mr. Seagrave talk on the subject. The conversation had not com-

menced more than a few minutes, when William said—

"Papa, they always say, 'as stupid as an ass.' Is an ass such a stupid animal?"

"No, William; it is a very sagacious one; but the character has been given to the animal more on account of its obstinacy and untractableness, than on any other account. It is usual to say as stupid as an ass, or as stupid as a pig, or a goose. Now, these three animals are very much maligned, for they are all sagacious animals. But the fact is, that as regards the ass, we have only very sorry specimens of the animal in England: they are stunted and small, and, from want of corn and proper food, besides being very ill treated, are slow and dull-looking animals. The climate of England is much too cold for the ass; in the south of France and the Mediterranean, where it is much warmer, the ass is a much finer animal; but to see it in perfection we must go to the Torrid Zone in Guinea, right on the

equator, the hottest portion of the globe, where the ass in its native state and in its native country is a handsome creature, and as fleet as the wind; indeed, supposed to be, and mentioned in the Scriptures as the fleetest animal in creation. Xenophon, in his writings, says, that they chased the wild asses, but that none of the horses could come up with them. The fact is, that in Asia, especially in Palestine and Syria, asses were in great repute, and used in preference to horses. We must see an animal in its own climate, to form a true estimate of its value."

"Does climate, then, make so great a difference?" said William.

"Of course it does, not only with animals, but with trees, plants, and even man, until he is accustomed to the change. The lascar, or native seaman of India, is full of life and vigour in the warm and sunny Indian seas, but as soon as he enters the English Channel, and blows his fingers from the cold, he becomes inert, useless,

and timid; in fact, a miserable creature, and the ships would often be lost, if it were not for the proportion of English seamen on board. With respect to animals, there are some which can bear the different varieties of climate, and even change of food. The horse, for instance, although originally indigenous to Arabia, lives as well in the Temperate, and even in the Frigid Zones it may be said, for they endure the hard winters of Russia and North America; so will domestic cattle, such as cows, sheep, pigs, &c. It is a curious fact, that during the winter in Canada, a large proportion of the food of cattle consists of *fish*."

"Fish! Papa. Cows eat fish?"

"Yes, my dear boy, such is the fact. It is a remarkable instance of a graminivorous or grass-eating animal being changed for a time into a carnivorous, or flesh-eating, or rather into a piscivorous, or fish-eating animal. Those are hard words, William, derived from the Latin, and I

therefore explain them. But there are other animals, which can live under any temperature, as the wolf, the fox, the hare, and rabbit. It is a curious provision,—evidently shewing that it was intended they should propagate in all climates,—that the sheep and goats in the hottest climates throw off their warm covering of wool, and retain little better than hair; while removed to a cold climate, they recover their warm covering immediately."

"But a goat has no wool, Papa."

"What are Cashmere shawls made of, William?"

"Very true, Papa."

"Most animals have a certain increase of covering, as they recede further from the warm climates to the cold ones. Wolves and foxes, hares and rabbits, change the colour of their skins to white, when they get far north. The little English stoat, which is destroyed by the gamekeepers, and nailed up

against the barn, becomes the beautiful snow-white ermine in Russia and other cold countries."

"Well, Papa, I think it a great advantage to man, and a proof of the Almighty's care of him, and kindness to him, in permitting all the animals most useful to him to be able to live in any country; but, I don't know whether I am wrong in saying so, Papa, I cannot see why an animal like the wolf should not have been kept to his own climate, like the lion and tiger, and other ferocious animals."

"You have started a question, William, which I am glad you have done, rather than it should have remained on your mind, and have puzzled you. It is true that the shepherd might agree with you, that the wolf is a nuisance; equally true that the husbandman may exclaim, What is the good of thistles, and the various weeds which choke the soil? But, my dear boy, if they are not, which I think they are, for the benefit of man, at all events they are his doom, for the first

transgression. 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake—thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee—and by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,' was the Almighty's sentence; and it is only by labour that the husbandman can obtain his crops, and by watchfulness that the shepherd can guard his flocks. If it were otherwise, the seed might be sown and the sheep led to pasture, and after that the husbandman and shepherd might both sleep. Labour, however, is in itself a benefit; without exercise there would be no health, and without health there would be no enjoyment."

"I see now, Papa, and I thank you for the explanation. You have mentioned the animals which can live in all climates, will you not tell us something about other animals?"

"There is but one remark to make, William, which is, that animals indigenous to, that is, originally to be found in, any one portion of the globe, invariably are so fashioned as to be most

fit for that country, and have the food also most proper for them growing or to be obtained in that country. Take, for instance, the camel, an animal fashioned expressly for the country to which he is indigenous, and without whose aid all communication must have been stopped between Asia and Africa. He is called 'the Ship of the Desert;' for the desert is a 'sea of sand.' His feet are so fashioned, that he can traverse the sands with facility; he can live upon the coarsest vegetable food and salt plants which are found there, and he has the capacity of carrying water in a sort of secondary stomach, for his own supply, where no water is to be found. Here is an animal wonderfully made by the Almighty for an express locality, and for the convenience of man in that country; for, in England, or elsewhere, he would be of no value."

"There are many animals, Papa, which are of no use to man."

"Many, my dear boy, which are apparently

so, and many which are destructive to him; but that is a portion of our sentence, and we are permitted to extirpate and destroy them when they endanger or incommode us,—as we do the thistle in the field. But if they are of no use to us, they add to the variety and beauty of nature, and shew the immensity of the Creator. You saw the giraffe before you left England. Now that animal is most peculiarly formed. It lives in its native Africa upon the leaves and branches of the mimosa tree, and if it had not such a long neck and such height of shoulder, it would not be able to reach its food. The mimosa tree is not fed upon by any other animal, so it would appear as if this animal were fashioned on purpose to live upon that tree. But the animal and the tree both add to the variety and to the beauty of nature, and occupy a portion of territory at present not required by man. The Almighty has filled the earth with living things; as long as they do not interfere with

man, they enjoy their portion of it in peace and quiet. As soon as man requires the territory, as they were made for his use and to be subservient to him, they must retrograde away from him, or be destroyed by him. Such is the will of a great and a beneficent Creator. But it is late, my dear William, so we will first thank Him for all his mercies, and then to bed."

ERECTING THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning was one of bustle; there was packing up and every preparation for departure. Juno was called here and called there, and was obliged to ask little Caroline to look after the kettle and call to her if it boiled over. Master Tommy, as usual, was in every one's way, and

doing more harm than good in his attempts to assist; but, however, as he meant well, nobody scolded him.

At last, Ready, to get rid of him, sent him down with a large bundle to the beach. Tommy shouldered it with great importance, but when he came back looking rather warm with the exertion, and Ready asked him to take down another, he said he was too tired, and sat down very quietly till breakfast-time, before which every thing was ready.

Mrs. Seagrave and Juno packed up the breakfast and dinner things in a basket after breakfast was over, and then Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the family set off on their journey, accompanied by the dogs, through the cocoa-nut grove. Little Albert could now walk very well, and only required to be occasionally carried by Juno, who led him by the hand. Caroline walked by her papa and mamma, and Master Tommy was too independent to walk with any one.

William and Ready lost no time in getting through their work; the crockery, kitchen utensils, table, and chairs, were the first articles put into the boat. The goat was then led down, and they set off with a full load, and arrived at the bay long before the party who were walking through the wood. They landed the things on the beach, and then shoved off again to bring round the bedding, which was all that was left. By three o'clock in the afternoon, they had arrived at the bay with their second and last load, and found that the other party had been there about an hour, and Mr. Seagrave and Juno were very busy taking the articles up from the beach.

"Well, Master William," said Ready, "this is our last trip for some time, I expect, and so much the better, for our little boat must have something done to her as soon as I can find time."

"Yes, indeed, Ready, she has done her work

well. Do you know I feel as if I were coming home, now that we are back to the bay. I little thought that I ever should consider any part of this island as my home. I really feel quite glad that we have left the tents. I found the pigeons among the peas, Ready, so we must pick them as soon as we can. They have increased very much; I think there were near twenty of them."

"We shall have pigeon pies next year, I expect," replied William.

"If it pleases God that we live and do well," replied Ready, who had his eyes fixed upon the sea.

Before night, every thing was in its place again in the house, and as comfortable as before, and as they were very tired, they went very early to bed; having first arranged what they should do in the morning. Mrs. Seagrave said that she could attend to the cookery and the children, and that Juno was at their service, if they required her. At daylight Ready and William went

down to the turtle pond and speared a turtle, for now the time was coming on for turning the turtle again, and the pond would soon be filled. Having cut it up and put a portion of it into the pot, all ready for Mrs. Seagrave, as soon as breakfast was over, they proceeded to the storehouse in the grove.

After a little consultation with Mr. Seagrave, Ready marked out a square of cocoa-nut trees surrounding the storehouse, so as to leave a space within them of about twenty yards each side, which they considered large enough for the enclosure. These cocoa-nut trees were to serve as the posts between which were to be fixed other cocoa-nut trees cut down, and about fourteen feet high, so as to form a palisade or stockade, which could not be climbed over, and would protect them from any attack of the savages.

As soon as the line of trees had been marked out, they set to work cutting down all the trees

within the line, and then outside to a distance of ten yards, so as to give them room for their work. Ready cut out cross pieces, to nail from tree to tree, and now they found the advantage of having saved so many of the large spike nails, without which they never could have made so good or so quick a job of it. Mr. Seagrave cut down trees, William and Juno sawed them off at a proper length with one of the cross-cut saws, and then carried them to Ready. They soon had more cut out than he could use, and then they dragged away the tops and branches, and piled them at a distance on the ground, to use as winter fuel, while Mr. Seagrave helped Ready in fixing up the palisades. They worked very hard that day, and were not sorry to go to bed. Ready, however, took an opportunity to speak to William.

"I think, Sir," said he, "that now we are here again, it will be necessary to keep a sort of night-watch, in case of accident. I shall not go

to bed till it is quite dark, which it will be by nine o'clock, and shall have my glass to examine the offing the last thing. You see, Sir, there is little fear of the savages coming here in the night-time, but they may just before night or very early in the morning, so one of us must be up again before daybreak, that is between two and three o'clock in the morning, to see if there is any thing to be seen of them; if there is not, of course we may go to bed again, as they cannot arrive till many hours afterwards; and we must watch the wind and weather, if it is favourable for them to come to us, which, indeed, the wind will not be except at the commencement of the rainy season; but it may be very light, and then they would not care for its being against them. I've been thinking of it, Master William, a great deal, and my idea is, that it will be at the beginning of the rainy season that we shall have a visit, if we have one at all; for you see that the wind don't blow regular from one quarter, as it

does now, but is variable, and then they can make sail in their canoes, and come here easily, instead of pulling between thirty and forty miles, which is hard work against wind and current. Still, Master William, we must not be careless, and we must keep a good look-out even now. I don't want to fret your father and Mrs. Seagrave with my fears on the subject, but I tell you what I really think, and what we ought to do."

"I agree with you, Ready, and I will take care to be up before daybreak, and examine very carefully with the spy-glass as soon as the day dawns. You take the night part, and I will do the morning part of the watching."

"Very well, Master William; for the matter of that, I could do both myself, but I think if you were to get up in the morning, they would not notice it so much; as for my staying out at night, that they are accustomed to."

After this conversation, they separated, and

from that time forward William and Ready were continually on the look-out, from dawn of day till it was too dark to distinguish any thing.

READY AND TOMMY IN THE BOAT.

CHAPTER XIV.

For nearly a fortnight, the work upon the stockade continued without any intermission, when a circumstance occurred which created the greatest alarm and excitement. One day, as the party returned to dinner, Mrs. Seagrave said with surprise, " Why, was not Tommy with you?"

"No," replied Mr. Seagrave; "he has not been near us all day; he went with us after breakfast, but did not remain a quarter of an hour."

"No, Missy; I tell Massa Tommy to help carry cocoa-nut leaves, and then he go away directly."

"Goodness! where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrave, alarmed.

"I dare say he is picking up shells on the beach, Ma'am," replied Ready, "or perhaps he is in the garden. I will go and see."

"I will go with you, Ready," said William.

"I see him—oh, mercy!—I see him," said Juno, pointing with her finger; "he in the boat, and boat go to sea."

It was but too true: there was Tommy in the boat, and the boat had drifted from the beach, and was now a cable's length away from it, among the breakers of the reef.

William ran off like the wind, followed close

by Mr. Seagrave and Ready, and at a distance by Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, the former dreadfully alarmed; indeed, there was no time to be lost, for the wind was off the shore, and in a short time the boat would have been out to sea.

William, as soon as he arrived at the beach, threw off his hat and jacket, and dashed into the water. He was already up to his middle, when old Ready, who had followed him, caught him by the arm, and said,—

"Master William, go back immediately. I insist upon it. Your going can do no good, as you do not understand the thing so well as I do; and go I will, so there will be double risk for nothing. Mr. Seagrave, order him back. He will obey you. I insist upon it, Sir."

"William," said Mr. Seagrave, "come back immediately, I command you."

William obeyed; but, before he was clear of the water, old Ready had swam across to the first rocks on the reef, and was now dashing

through the pools between the rocks, towards the boat.

"Oh! Father," said William, "if that good old man is lost, I shall never forgive myself. I almost feel as if I did wrong to obey you. Look, Father, one—two—three sharks, here, close to us. He has no chance. See, he is again in deep water. God protect him! — O God! hear my prayer."

In the meantime, Mr. Seagrave, whose wife was now by his side, and who was shuddering at the scene, after glancing his eye a moment at the sharks, which were within a few feet of the beach, had kept his gaze steadily upon Ready's movements. If he passed through the passage of deep water between the rocks, he might be considered safe, as the boat was now beating on a reef on the other side, where the water was shallow. It was a moment of intense anxiety. At last Ready had gained the reef, and had his hands upon the rocks, and was climbing on them.

"He is safe, is he not?" whispered Mrs. Seagrave faintly.

"Yes; now I think he is," replied Mr. Seagrave, as Ready had gained a footing on the rocks, where the water was but a little above his ankles. "I think there is no deep water between him and the boat."

In another minute Ready was over the rocks, and had seized the gunnel of the boat.

"He is in the boat," cried William. "Thank God!"

"Yes; we must thank God, and that fervently," replied Mr. Seagrave. "Look at those monsters," continued he, pointing to the sharks; "how quick they swim to and fro: they have scented their prey on the water. William, it is fortunate they are here: they might have been out there, when Ready passed through the deep water."

"Yes, indeed, Papa. See, he has the boat-hook, and is pushing the boat off the reef into the deep water. Oh! he is quite safe now."

Such, however, was not the case. The boat had been beating on the rocks of the reef, and had knocked a hole in her bottom, and as soon as Ready had forced the boat into deep water, she began to fill immediately. Ready pushed as hard as he could with the boat-hook, and tearing off his neckcloth, forced as much as he could of it into the hole. This saved them; but the boat was up to the thwarts with water, and the least motion on the part of Ready, or even Tommy, would have upset her immediately, and they had still to pass the deep water between the reef and the beach, where the sharks were swimming. Ready, who perceived his danger, called out to them to throw large stones at the sharks as fast as they could, to drive them away. This was immediately done by Mr. Seagrave and William, aided by Juno and Mrs. Seagrave, who found courage in this present instance.

The pelting of the stones had the desired effect. The sharks swam away, and Ready passed

through to the beach, and the boat grounded just as she was up to the gunnel in water, and about to turn over. He handed out Master Tommy, who was so dreadfully frightened, that he could not cry, but remained as pale as a sheet, and his mouth and eyes wide open.

As soon as Ready landed, William sprung into his arms, crying, "Thank God, you are safe, Ready." Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave each took his hand, and shook it heartily. At last, Mrs. Seagrave, overpowered by her feelings, sank her head upon William's shoulder, and burst into tears. Juno, after smiling at Ready, took Tommy by the hand, and led him away, saying, "Come along, you nasty, naughty boy. You get fine whipping to-night, soon as all the work is over." Whereupon Tommy set up a miserable howling, which he never left off until long after he was in the house.

"It was touch and go, Master William," observed Ready, as they walked up to the house,

preceded by Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave. "How much mischief may be created by a thoughtless boy! However, one can't put old heads on young shoulders, and so Master Tommy must be forgiven."

"He has been punished enough, as far as fright goes," replied William; "I'll answer for it, he'll never get into the boat again by himself."

"No, I think not; but now, Master William, you saw how nearly I was swamped in the boat; indeed, it was only by His mercy that I was preserved; but taking the question merely as far as our endeavours could help us, do you think that if you had gained the boat instead of me, you would have brought her to the beach as I did?"

"No, Ready; for I never should have thought of taking off my neckcloth to put into the hole, I'm afraid; but even if I had, I never could have managed her so skilfully as you did, and there-

fore I must have been swamped before I got on shore."

"Well, Master William, as I am an old sailor and you are not, therefore it is not vanity which makes me say that you could not have managed the boat so well as I did. Now, as I had not three or four seconds to spare, you, as you say, must have been swamped. I mention this to prove to you that I was right in desiring your father to order you back."

"Certainly, Ready; but Tommy is my brother, and I felt that it was more my duty than yours to risk my life for him."

"A very proper feeling, Master William, but you have other duties, which are, to look after your father and mother, and be a comfort and solace to them. Your life is more valuable than mine. I am an old man on the brink of the grave, and a year or two makes no difference; but your life is, I hope, of more consequence. What would have been the agony and distress,

and, I may say, continual source of future regret to your parents, had you perished before their eyes by so horrible a death! They never would have smiled again."

"And do you not think that their regret would have been as great, if you had perished in the same way?"

"I do not know but that at first it would have been very painful to them, but time would have made them forget it, and poor Tommy, too, would have been a source of deep sorrow; but to lose two sons, and their eldest now grown up, you may say, it would have been hard, very hard to bear, and nothing but the sincere religion of your parents could have brought them to submit with resignation. But here we are at the house, so let us say no more about it."

That evening the prayers were more than usually solemn, and the thanksgivings more heartfelt and sincere. Exhausted with the exciting scene of the day, they all retired early to bed.

NEW HOUSE.

CHAPTER XV.

When Tommy was questioned on the following morning as to his inducement to get into the boat, to their great surprise he replied, that he wanted to go round to the tents again, to see if the bananas were ripe; that he intended to eat

some of them and be back before dinner-time, that he might not be found out.

"I suspect, Master Tommy, you would have been very hungry before you ate any bananas if we had not perceived you," said Ready.

"I won't go into the boat any more," said Tommy.

"I rather think you will keep to that resolution, Tommy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "however, I must leave your mother to point out to you the danger you were in yourself, and in which you placed others by your folly. It is time for us to go to work."

The stockade was now almost finished; the door was the occasion of a good deal of consultation; at last, it was agreed that it would be better to have a door of stout oak plank, but with second door-posts inside, about a foot apart from the door, between which could be inserted short poles one above the other, so as to barricade it within when required. This would make

the door as strong as any other portion of the stockade. As soon as this was all complete, the storehouse was to be altered for a dwelling-house, by taking away the wattles of cocoa-nut boughs on the sides, and filling them up with logs of cocoa-nut trees.

Before the week was ended, the stockade and door were complete, and they now began to fell trees, to form the sides of the house. This was rapid work; and while Mr. Seagrave, William, and Juno felled the trees, and brought them on the wheels to the side of the stockade, all ready cut to their proper lengths, Ready was employed in flooring the house with a part of the deal planks which they had brought round from the cove. But this week they were obliged to break off for two days, to collect all their crops from the garden; as soon as this was done, they again set to work.

A fortnight more passed away in continual hard work, but the house was at last finished, and

very complete, compared to the one they were residing in. It was much larger, and divided into three rooms by the deal planking: the middle room which the door opened into was the sitting and eating-room, with a window behind; the two side rooms were sleeping-rooms, one for Mrs. Seagrave and the children, and the other for the male portion of the family. This made it much more comfortable and complete.

"See, Master William," said Ready, when they were alone, "what we have been able to do by means of those deal planks; why, to have floored this house, and run up the partitions, would have taken us half a year, if we had had to saw the wood."

"Yes; and what a comfort it is to have so many shelves about. When shall we shift into this house?"

"The sooner the better, Master William. We have plenty of work still to do, but we can work outside of the stockade."

"And what do you propose to do with the old house?" said William.

"We had better put some of our stores of least value in it for the present, until we can fit up another storehouse inside the stockade."

"Then we'll put those casks in, for they take up a great deal of room."

"All but that large one, Master William; we shall want that; I shall fix it up in a corner."

"What for, Ready?"

"To put water in, Master William."

"But we are closer to the spring than we were at the other house."

"I know that; but, perhaps, we may not be able to go out of the stockade, and then we shall want water."

"I understand, Ready; how thoughtful you are."

"If at my age I did not think a little, Master William, it would be very odd. You don't know how anxious I am to see them all inside of this

defence, William. I shall not be happy until they are."

"But why should we not come in, Ready?"

"Why, Sir, as there is still plenty of work, I do not like to press the matter, lest your mamma should be fidgetted, and think there was danger; but, Master William, danger there is; I have a kind of forewarning of it. It weighs on my mind, and I can't shake it off. I wish you would propose that they should come in at once; the standing-bed places are all ready, except the canvas, and I shall nail on new by to-night."

In consequence of this conversation, William proposed at dinner-time that the next day they should go into the new house, as it was so much more handy to work there and live there at the same time. Mr. Seagrave was of the same opinion, but Mrs. Seagrave thought it better that every thing should be tidy first.

"Why, Ma'am," said Ready, "the only way to get things tidy is to go yourself, and make

them so. Nothing will ever be in its place unless you are there to put it in."

"Well, Ready," said Mrs. Seagrave, "since you are against me as well as all the rest, I give up, and if you please we will shift over to-morrow."

"Indeed, Ma'am, I think it will be better; this is the last month of fine weather, and we shall have plenty to do. We shall get on much faster if we go there."

"Be it so, Ready; you are the best judge; to-morrow we will take up our quarters in the stockade."

"Thank God!" muttered old Ready very softly. William only, who was next to him, heard what he said.

The next day was fully employed in changing their residence, and shifting over the bedding and utensils; and that night they slept within the stockade. Ready had run up a very neat little out-house of plank, as a kitchen for

Juno, and another week was fully employed as follows: the stores were divided; those of least consequence, and the salt provisions, flour, and the garden produce, &c., were put into the old house; the casks of powder and most of the cartridges were also put there for security; but a cask of beef, of pork, and flour, all the iron-work and nails, canvas, &c., were stowed away for the present under the new house, which had, when built as a storehouse, been raised four feet from the ground to make a shelter for the stock. This was very spacious, and, of course, quite dry, and contained all they wished to put in. Ready also took care, by degrees, to fill the large water-butt full of water, and had fixed into the bottom a spigot for drawing the water off.

"Well, Mr. Seagrave," said Ready on the Saturday, "we have done a good many hard weeks' work lately, but this is the last of them. We are now comfortably settled in our new house: our stores are all under cover, and

safe from the weather, and so we may now take things a little easier. William and I must go and turn some turtle if we can, for the season is getting late for them, and I must repair the boat, so that we may take a trip round to examine how the stock and yams get on."

"And the bananas and the guavas," said Tommy.

"Why, we have quite forgotten all about them," observed Mrs. Seagrave.

"Yes, Ma'am; we have been so busy, that it is no wonder; however, there may be some left yet, and I will go round as soon as the boat is able to swim, and bring all I can find."

"We must put our seeds and potatoes in before the rainy season, Ready."

"It will be better, Sir, if we can find time, as we shall not have much more fine weather now; at all events, we can get them in at intervals when the weather is fine; now I shall go my rounds for turtle. Good-night, Ma'am—good-night, Sir. Come, Master William."

William and Ready went down to the beach, but meeting Juno coming from the kitchen, Ready desired her to collect as much fuel as she could, and stack it up in a corner inside of the stockade, as it would be more handy.

"Yes, Massa Ready," replied Juno; "I understand; nothing like being all ready case of accident."

"Exactly so, Juno," replied William. "Good-night."

William and Ready succeeded in turning six more turtles to add to their stock, and having taken a careful survey with the telescope, they came back, fastened the door of the stockade, and went to bed.

CANOES COMING TO THE ISLAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER week passed away, during which Ready repaired the boat, and William and Mr. Seagrave were employed in digging up the garden. It was also a very busy week at the house, as they had not washed linen for some time. Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, and even little Caroline, were hard at

work, and Master Tommy was more useful than ever he had been, going for the water as they required it, and watching little Albert. Indeed, he was so active, that Mrs. Seagrave praised him before his papa, and Master Tommy was quite proud.

On the Monday, William and Ready set off in the boat to the little harbour, and found all the stock doing well, and promising to increase. Many of the bananas and guavas had ripened and withered, but there were enough left to fill the boat half full. The yams had not been broken in upon by the pigs, and the tents were in good order.

"We cannot do better than to leave the stock where it is at present, Master William; they can run into the cocoa-nut grove for shelter if there is a storm, and there is feed enough for ten times as many."

"I think so too."

"But in a few days we must come round

again for the tents; we must not leave them here the whole rainy season. Now, Sir, shall we go back?"

"Yes; at all events, Tommy will be delighted with our cargo. But will you not dig up a few yams first?"

"I had quite forgotten it, Master William. I will go for the spade; we left one in the nearest tent."

Having procured the yams, they set off on their return. Before they arrived at the bay, the sky clouded over, and threatened a storm. It did not, however, rain till after they had landed, when a smart shower announced the commencement of the rainy season. The fruit was very welcome to all of them, it was so long since they had tasted any; but Tommy was ravenous to obtain it; he could not eat it fast enough to please himself, and Mr. Seagrave was compelled to prevent him from eating any more.

The following day was beautifully fine, and

every thing appeared refreshed by the rain which had fallen. It was, however, agreed that Ready and William should go round the next morning, bring home the tents, and as many yams as the boat could carry. William and Ready went out at night as usual, when Ready observed that the wind had chopped round to the eastward.

"That will be bad for us to-morrow, Ready," replied William. "We may sail to the harbour, but we shall have to pull back with the loaded boat."

"I trust it will be no worse than that, at all events," replied Ready; "but we must now return, and go to bed. I shall be up by daylight, so you need not wake without you like."

"I can't help waking," replied William, "and I shall, therefore, be up with you."

"Very well, Sir, I am always glad of your company."

The next morning, just before the day dawned, Ready and William unfastened the door of the

stockade, and went down to the beach. The wind was still to the eastward, and blowing rather fresh, and the sky was cloudy. As the sun rose, Ready, as usual, had his telescope with him, and looked through it at the offing to the eastward. As he kept the spy-glass to his eye for some time without speaking, William said—

"Do you see any thing, Ready, that you look so long in that direction?"

"Either my old eyes deceive me, or I fear that I do," replied Ready; "but a few minutes more will decide."

There was a bank of clouds on the horizon to the eastward, but as soon as the sun had risen above them, Ready, who had the telescope fixed in the same direction, said—

"Yes, Master William, I am right. I thought that those dark patches I saw were their brown grass sails."

"Sails of what, Ready?" said William hastily.

"Of the Indian canoes, Master William; I knew that they would come. Take the glass,

and look yourself, Master William; my eye is quite dim from straining it so long."

"Yes, I have them now," replied William, with his eye to the glass; he at last said—

"Why, there are twenty or thirty of them, Ready, at least."

"And each with twenty or thirty men in them, too, Master William."

"Good heaven! What must we do, Ready? How frightened my poor mother will be. I'm afraid we can do nothing against such a number."

"Yes, William, we can do a great deal, and we must do a great deal. That there are hundreds of savages there is no doubt; but recollect that we have a stockade, which they cannot easily climb over, and plenty of fire-arms and ammunition, so that we can make a good fight of it, and perhaps beat them off, for they have nothing but clubs and spears."

"How fast they come down, Ready; why, they will be here in an hour."

"No, Sir, nor in two hours either; those are very large canoes. However, there is no time to be lost. While I watch them for a few minutes till I make them more clearly out, do you run up to the house and beckon your father to come down to me; and then, Master William, get all the muskets ready, and bring the casks of powder, and of made-up cartridges, from the old house into the stockade. Call Juno, and she will help you. We shall have time enough to do every thing. After you have done that, you had better come down and join us."

In a very few minutes after William ran up to the house, Mr. Seagrave made his appearance.

"Ready, there is danger, I'm sure; William would not tell me, I presume, because he was afraid of alarming his mother. What is it?"

"It is, Mr. Seagrave, that the savages are now coming down upon us in large force; perhaps five or six hundred of them; and that we shall have to defend ourselves with all our might and main."

"Do you think we have any chance against such a force?"

"Yes, Sir, with God's help I have no doubt but that we shall beat them off; but we must fight hard, and for some days, I fear."

Mr. Seagrave examined the fleet of canoes with the glass. "It is, indeed, dreadful odds to contend against."

"Yes, Sir, but three muskets behind a stockade are almost a match for all their clubs and spears, provided none of us are wounded."

"Well, Ready, we must put our trust in the Lord, and do our best; I will second you to the utmost of my power, and William, I'm sure, will do his duty. I have, indeed, much to fight for, a wife and family; but you, Ready, have no such ties."

"No, Sir, but I shall fight for my life, which, although not worth much, I do not wish to lose by their hands; and I shall fight for you and the family too, Sir, for I am attached to you all, and

there's an end of the business. I think, Sir, we had better not wait here any more, as we have not long to prepare for them. We have only to fix up some of our strong deal planks on the inside of the stockade for us to stand upon when we are attacked, that we may see what the enemy is about, and be able to fire upon them. But first we had better go to the old house, and take out what provisions and other articles we shall most want, and roll the casks into the stockade, for to the old house they will go first, and perhaps destroy every thing in it. The casks they certainly will, for the sake of the iron hoops. An hour's work will do a great deal, for the distance is not very great. I believe we have every thing we want in the stockade; Juno has her fuel, the large butt of water will last us two or three weeks at least, and if we have time, we will get the wheels down, and spear a couple of turtles for fresh provisions."

"We hardly need think of turtle just now, Ready."

"Why not, Sir, it's as well to have them as to leave them for the savages to eat for us. I will get all up I can, even if we do not eat them; they will live for weeks on their back in the shade."

This conversation passed as they walked up to the house. As soon as they arrived, they found William and Juno had just brought in the powder and cartridges. Mr. Seagrave went in to break the matter to his wife, who, he feared, would be much alarmed.

"I was told that I had to expect this, my dear," replied Mrs. Seagrave, "so that it has not come upon me altogether unawares, and any thing that a poor weak woman can do, I will. I feel that I have no want of courage to defend my children."

"I am indeed greatly relieved," said Mr. Seagrave, "by finding you thus prepared and sup-

ported. I shall feel no anxiety—but we have work to be done."

"Then I must help, my dear Seagrave; and what I want in strength, I must make up in energy."

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave then joined William, Ready, and Juno, who had already proceeded to the old house. The children were all still in bed and asleep, so that there was no occasion for any one to watch them.

LANDING.

CHAPTER XVII.

As they could have a very good view of the canoes from where the old house stood, Ready examined them with his glass every time that he returned from rolling up a cask to the stockade. Every one worked hard; even Mrs. Seagrave did all she could, either assisting in rolling the casks,

or carrying up what she was able to lift. In an hour they had got into the stockade all that they most cared for, and the canoes were still about six or seven miles off.

"We have a good hour before they arrive, Sir," said Ready, "and even then the reefs will puzzle them not a little; I doubt if they are disembarked under two hours. We have plenty of time for all we wish to do. Juno, go for the wheels, and William, come down with the spear, and we will have some of the turtle into the stockade. Mr. Seagrave, I do not require your assistance, so if you will have the kindness to get out the muskets, and examine the flints, it will be as well."

"Yes; and then you have to load them," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "Juno and I can do that at all events, ready for you to fire them."

"An excellent idea, Madam," replied Ready; "and you will really be of service."

In half an hour six turtle were brought up

by Juno and William, and then Ready followed them into the stockade. "I don't see the goat, Master William," said Ready; "but as we have no food for her, I think we may as well leave her out; she will run away when she sees such strange creatures as these savages."

They then rolled the casks, and upheaded them by the sides of the stockade, and fixed up deal planks to stand upon, just high enough to enable them to see over the top of the palisades, and to fire at the enemy. Mrs. Seagrave had been shewn how to load a musket, and Juno was now taught the same.

"Now, Sir, we are all prepared," said old Ready, "and Madam and Juno can go and look a little after the children, and get breakfast."

"Breakfast all ready. Kettle boil long time," said Juno.

As soon as the children were dressed, Mr. Seagrave called Ready, who was outside, watching the canoes, and they went to their morning

devotions, and prayed heartily for succour in this time of need. They then breakfasted in haste; for, as may be supposed, they were almost too anxious to eat. Mrs. Seagrave pressed her children in her arms, but kept up her spirits wonderfully.

"This suspense is worse than all," said she at last. "I wish now that they were come."

"Shall I go to Ready, and hear his report, my dear? I will not be away three minutes."

In a short time Mr. Seagrave returned, saying that the canoes were close to the beach, that the savages evidently had a knowledge of the passages through the reefs, as they had steered right in, and had lowered their sails; that Ready and William were on the look-out, but concealed behind the cocoa-nut trees.

"I hope they will not stay out too long."

"No fear of that, my dear Selina; but they had better watch their motions to the last minute."

During this conversation between Mr. and

Mrs. Seagrave within the stockade, William and Ready were watching the motions of the savages, a large portion of whom had landed out of ten of the canoes, and the others were following their example as fast as they could, forcing their way through the reefs. The savages were all painted, with their war-cloaks and feathers on, and armed with spears and clubs, evidently having come with no peaceable intentions. At first they occupied themselves with beaching the canoes, and as they were very large and heavy, this was a work of some few minutes employment for the whole of them.

William, who had taken the telescope to examine them more minutely, said to Ready, "What a fierce, cruel set of wretches they appear to be; if they overpower us, they will certainly kill us."

"Of that there is no doubt, Master William; but we must fight hard, and not let them overpower us. Kill us they certainly will, and I am

not sure that they may not eat us afterwards, but that is of little consequence."

William shuddered at the idea, and then replied in a determined tone, "I'll fight as long as I have breath in my body; but, Ready, they are coming up as fast as they can."

"Yes, Sir; right up to the old house; we must wait no longer. Come, Master William."

"I thought I saw another vessel under sail, out away by the garden point, Ready, just as we turned away."

"Very likely, Sir, a canoe which has separated from the others during the night. Come, quick, Master William, they have begun to yell."

Another half-minute, and they arrived at the door of the stockade: they entered, shut the door, and then barricaded it with the cocoa-nut poles which they had fitted to the inner door-posts.

"That is secure enough," observed Ready, "and now we must trust to Heaven and our own exertions."

ATTACK OF STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave; it was well that she had not seen their painted bodies and fierce appearance, or she would have been much more alarmed. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces; they did not

cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded, and then clung faster to their mother. Master Tommy was very busy, finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous. Mr. Seagrave had been employed making the holes between the palisades large enough to admit the barrels of the muskets, so that they could fire at the savages without being exposed; while William and Ready, with their muskets loaded, were on the look-out for their approach.

"They are busy with the old house just now, Sir," observed Ready, "but that won't detain them long."

"Here they come," replied William; "and look, Ready, is not that one of the women who escaped from us in the canoe, who is walking along with the first two men? Yes, it is, I am sure."

"You are right, Master William, it is one of them. Ah! they have stopped; they did not expect the stockade, that is clear, and it has puzzled them; see how they are all crowding together and talking; they are holding a council of war how to proceed; that tall man must be one of their chiefs. Now, Master William, although I intend to fight as hard as I can, yet I always feel a dislike to begin first; I shall therefore shew myself over the palisades, and if they attack me, I shall then fire with a quiet conscience."

"But take care they don't hit you, Ready."

"No great fear of that, Master William. Here they come."

Ready now stood upon the plank within, so as to shew himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell, and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades,

just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside of the stockade, at the further end.

"Now, Master William, take good aim;" but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket, and the tall chief fell to the ground.

Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amidst the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets which were ready loaded, and took those discharged, and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little brother, and Tommy to be very quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to assist Juno in reloading the muskets.

The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would

have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades, but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

"They have not gained much in this bout, at all events," said Ready; "it was well fought on our side, and, Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it; I don't think you ever missed your man once."

"Do you think they will go away now?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Oh, no, Madam, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these

are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished."

"I should think so too," replied Mr. Seagrave; "the first time that savages hear the report of fire-arms, they are usually thrown into great consternation."

"Yes, Sir; but such has not been the case with these people, and therefore I reckon it is not the first time that they have fought with Europeans."

"Are they all gone, Ready?" said William, who had come down from the plank to his mother.

"No, Sir; I see them between the trees now; they are sitting round in a circle, and, I suppose, making speeches: it's the custom of these people."

"Well, I'm very thirsty, at all events," said William; "Juno, bring me a little water."

Juno went to the water-tub, to comply with

William's request, and in a few moments afterwards came back in great consternation.

"Oh, Massa! oh, Missy! no water; water all gone."

"Water all gone!" cried Ready and all of them in a breath.

"Yes; not one little drop in the cask."

"I filled it up to the top!" exclaimed Ready very gravely; the tub did not leak, that I am sure of; how can this have happened?"

"Missy, I tink I know now," said Juno; "you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he come back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, Missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from tub all the while, and so he empty it."

"I'm afraid you're right, Juno," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "What shall we do?"

"I go speak Massa Tommy," said Juno, running to the house.

"This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave," observed Ready gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head.

The fact was, that they all perceived the danger of their position: if the savages did not leave the island, they would perish of thirst or have to surrender; and in the latter case, all their lives would most certainly be sacrificed.

Juno now returned: her suspicions were but too true. Tommy, pleased with the praise of being so quick in bringing the water, had taken out the spigot of the cask, and drawn it all off. He was now crying, and promising not to take the water again.

"His promises come too late," observed Mr. Seagrave; "well, it is the will of Heaven that all our careful arrangements and preparations against this attack should be defeated by the idleness of a child, and we must submit."

"Very true, Sir," replied Ready; "all our hopes now are, that the savages may be tired out, and leave the island."

"If I had but a little for the children, I should not care," observed Mrs. Seagrave; "but to see those poor things suffer—is there not a drop left, Juno, anywhere?"

Juno shook her head. "All gone, Missy; none nowhere."

Mrs. Seagrave said she would go and examine, and went away into the house accompanied by Juno.

"This is a very bad business, Ready," observed Mr. Seagrave. "What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops!"

"There are no signs of it, Sir," replied Ready; "we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us."

"I wish the savages would come on again," observed William; "for the sooner they come, the sooner the affair will be decided."

"I doubt if they will to-day, Sir; at night-time I think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it."

"Why, what can we do, Ready?"

"In the first place, Sir, by nailing planks from cocoa-nut tree to cocoa-nut tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in, this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark. It will give them some advantage in looking through the palisades, and seeing where we are, but they cannot well drive their spears through, so it is no great matter. We must make the fire in the centre of the stockade, and have plenty of tar in it, to make it burn bright, and we must not, of course, light it until after we are attacked. We shall then see

where they are trying for an entrance, and where to aim with our muskets."

"The idea is very good, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave; "if it had not been for this unfortunate want of water, I really should be sanguine of beating them off."

"We may suffer very much, Mr. Seagrave, I have no doubt; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?"

"True, Ready. Do you see the savages now?"

"No, Sir; they have left the spot where they were in consultation, and I do not even hear them; I suppose they are busy with their wounded and their dead."

As Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day, and he, William, and Mr. Seagrave, were very busy making their arrangements; they nailed the planks on the trunks of the trees above the stockade, so as to make three sides of the stockade at least five feet higher, and almost impossible to climb up; and they prepared a large fire in a tar-barrel full

of cocoa-nut leaves mixed with wood and tar, so as to burn fiercely. Dinner or supper they had none, for there was nothing but salt pork and beef and live turtle, and, by Ready's advice, they did not eat, as it would only increase their desire to drink.

The poor children suffered much; little Albert wailed and cried for "water, water;" Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl, although she suffered much; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient, and roared for some time till William, quite angry at his behaviour, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the look-out; indeed, every thing was so miserable inside of the house, that they were all glad to go out of it; they could do no good, and poor Mrs. Seagrave had a difficult and most painful task to keep the children quiet under such severe privation, for the weather was still very warm and sultry.

NIGHT ATTACK.

CHAPTER XIX.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who, as Ready had prognosticated, now advanced to the night attack.

Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and their attempts now made were to climb

into it; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that the object was to obtain an entrance by dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt but that the savages would have gained their object; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burnt brightly, the savages outside were more easily aimed at, and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them as before their dead and wounded.

"I trust that they will now re-embark, and leave the island," said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

"I only wish they may, Sir; it is not at all impossible; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a look-out. You see, Sir, that cocoa-nut tree," continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened, "is much taller than any of the others: now, by driving spike-nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about."

"Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?"

"No, Sir, for you see the cocoa-nut trees are cut down clear of the palisades to such a distance, that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the look-out, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use his spear."

"I believe that you are right there, Ready, but

at all events I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade."

"Certainly, there may be, Sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin. Fortunately, we have plenty of spike-nails left."

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down, and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch. In the morning, when Mr. Seagrave came out, he would have a little sleep himself.

"I can't sleep, Ready. I'm mad with thirst," replied William.

"Yes, Sir; it's very painful—I feel it myself very much, but what must those poor children feel? I pity them most."

"I pity my mother most, Ready," replied William; "it must be agony to her to witness their sufferings, and not be able to relieve them."

"Yes, indeed, it must be terrible, Master William, to a mother's feelings; but, perhaps,

these savages will be off to-morrow, and then we shall forget all our privations."

"I trust in God that they may, Ready, but they seem very determined."

"Yes, Sir; iron is gold to them, and what will civilized men not do for gold? Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep."

In the meantime, Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house. He found the children still crying for water, notwithstanding the coaxing and soothing of Mrs. Seagrave, who was shedding tears as she hung over poor little Albert. Juno had gone out, and had dug with a spade as deep as she could with a faint hope that some might be found, but in vain, and she had just returned mournful and disconsolate. There was no help for it but patience; and patience could not be expected in children so young. Little Caroline only drooped, and said nothing. Mr. Seagrave remained for two or three hours with his wife,

assisting her in pacifying the children, and soothing her to the utmost of his power; at last he went out and found old Ready on the watch.

"Ready, I had rather a hundred times be attacked by these savages, and have to defend this place, than be in that house for even five minutes and witness the sufferings of my wife and children."

"I do not doubt it, Sir," replied Ready; "but cheer up, and let us hope for the best; I think it very probable that the savages after this second defeat will leave the island."

"I wish I could think so, Ready; it would make me very happy; but I have come out to take the watch, Ready. Will you not sleep for a while?"

"I will, Sir, if you please, take a little sleep. Call me in two hours; it will then be daylight, and I can go to work, and you can get some repose yourself."

"I am too anxious to sleep, I think so, at least."

"Master William said he was too thirsty to sleep, Sir, but, poor fellow, he is now fast enough."

"I trust that boy will be spared, Ready."

"I hope so too; for he is a noble fellow: but we are all in the hands of the Almighty. Good-night, Sir."

"Good-night, Ready."

Mr. Seagrave took his station on the plank, and was left to his own reflections; that they were not of the most pleasant kind, may easily be imagined. He had, however, been well schooled by adversity, and had lately brought himself to such a frame of mind, as to bow in submission to the will of Heaven, whatever it might be. He prayed earnestly and fervently that they might be delivered from the danger and sufferings which threatened them, and became calm and tranquil; prepared for the worst, if the worst was to happen, and confidently placing himself and his family under the care of Him who orders all as he thinks best.

At daylight Ready woke up and relieved Mr. Seagrave, who did not return to the house, but lay down on the cocoa-nut boughs, where Ready had been lying by the side of William. As soon as Ready had got out the spike-nails and hammer, he summoned William to his assistance, and they commenced driving them into the cocoa-nut tree, one looking out in case of the savages approaching, while the other was at work. In less than an hour they had gained the top of the tree close to the boughs, and had a very commanding view of the bay, as well as inland. William, who was driving the last dozen spikes, took a survey, and then came down to Ready.

"I can see every thing, Ready: they have pulled down the old house altogether, and are most of them lying down outside, covered up with their war-cloaks; some women are walking to and fro from the canoes, which are lying on the beach where they first landed."

"They have pulled down the house to obtain

the iron nails, I have no doubt," replied Ready. "Did you see any of their dead?"

"No; I did not look about very much, but I will go up again directly. I came down because my hands were jarred with hammering, and the hammer was so heavy to carry. In a minute or two I shall go up light enough. My lips are burning, Ready, and swelled; the skin is peeling off. I had no idea that want of water would have been so dreadful. I think poor Tommy is more than punished already."

"A child does not reflect upon consequences, Master William, nor could we possibly foresee that his using up the water could have created such misery. It was an idle trick of his, and whatever may be the consequences, it still can be considered as such and nothing more."

"I was in hopes of finding a cocoa-nut or two on the tree, but there was not one."

"And if you had found one, it would not have had any milk in it at this season of the year.

However, Master William, if the savages do not go away to-day, something must be done. I wish now that you would go up again, and see if they are not stirring."

William again mounted to the top of the tree, and remained up for some minutes; when he came down, he said, "They are all up now, and swarming like bees. I counted 260 of the men in their war-cloaks and feather head-dresses; the women are passing to and fro from the well with water; there is nobody at the canoes except eight or ten women, who are beating their heads, I think, or doing something of the kind. I could not make it out well, but they seem all doing the same thing."

"I know what they are about, Master William: they are cutting themselves with knives or other sharp instruments. It is the custom of these people. The dead are all put into the canoes, and these women are lamenting over them; perhaps they are going away, since the dead are in the canoes, but there is no saying."

READY, SAVAGE, AND WILLIAM.

CHAPTER XX.

The second day was passed in keeping a look-out upon the savages, and awaiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoa-nut tree that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle, while one got up in the centre, and made a speech,

flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the council broke up, and the savages were observed to be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoa-nut trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset. "Mr. Seagrave," said he, "we shall have, in my opinion, no attack this night, but to-morrow we must expect something very serious; the savages are cutting down the trees, and making large faggots; they do not get on very fast, because their hatchets are made of stone and don't cut very well, but perseverance and numbers will effect every thing, and I dare say that they will work all night till they have obtained as many faggots as they want."

"But what do you imagine to be their object, Ready, in cutting down trees, and making the faggots?"

"Either, Sir, to pile them up outside the pali-

sades, so large as to be able to walk up upon them, or else to pile them up to set fire to them, and burn us out."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

"Not without very heavy loss; perhaps we may beat them off, but it will be a hard fight; harder than any we have had yet. We must have the women to load the muskets, so that we may fire as fast as we can. I should not think much of their attempts to burn us, if it were not for the smoke. Cocoa-nut wood, especially with the bark on, as our palisades have, will char a long while, but not burn easily when standing upright; and the fire, when the faggots are kindled, although it will be fierce, will not last long."

"But suffering as we are now, Ready, for want of water, how can we possibly keep up our strength to meet them in a suffocating smoke and flame; we must drop with sheer exhaustion."

"We must hope for the best, and do our best, Mr. Seagrave," replied Ready; "and recollect

that should any thing happen to me during the conflict, that if there is any chance of your being overpowered, you must take advantage of the smoke, to escape into the woods, and find your way to the tents. I have no doubt that you will be able to do that; of course the attack will be to windward, if they use fire, and you must try and escape to leeward; I have shewn William how to force a palisade if necessary. The savages, if they get possession, will not think of looking for you at first, and, perhaps, when they have obtained all that the house contains, not even afterwards."

"Why do you say if any accident happens to you, Ready?" said William.

"Because, Master William, if they place the faggots so as to be able to walk to the top of the palisades, I may be wounded or killed, and so may you."

"Of course," replied William; "but they are

not in yet, and they shall have a hard fight for it."

Ready then told Mr. Seagrave that he would keep the watch, and call him at twelve o'clock. During these two days, they had eaten very little; a turtle had been killed, and pieces fried, but eating only added to their thirst, and even the children refused the meat. The sufferings were now really dreadful, and poor Mrs. Seagrave was almost frantic.

As soon as Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house, Ready called William, and said, " Master William, water we must have. I cannot bear to see the agony of the poor children, and the state of mind which your poor mother is in; and more, without water we never shall be able to beat off the savages to-morrow. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos, and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but

attempt it I must, and if I fall it cannot be helped."

"Why not let me go, Ready?" replied William.

"For many reasons, William," said Ready; "and the chief one is that I do not think you would succeed so well as I shall. I shall put on the war-cloak and feathers of the savage who fell dead inside of the stockade, and that will be a disguise, but I shall take no arms except his spear, as they would only be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now observe, you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly, Ready; but I am now, I must confess, really frightened; if any thing was to happen to you, what a misery it would be."

"There is no help for it, William. Water

must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later, when they may be more on the watch; they have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman."

Ready went for the barrico, a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the head-dress and war-cloak of the savage; and, taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades, Ready pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside of the stockade, and gained the cocoa-nut trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner door-posts for security, and remained on the watch. He was in an awful state of suspense, listening to the slightest noise, even the slight rustling by the wind of the cocoa-nut boughs above him made him start; there he

continued for some minutes, his gun ready cocked by his side.

It is time that he returned, thought William; the distance is not 100 yards, and yet I have heard no noise. At last he thought he heard footsteps coming very softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning, and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side, and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole, and opened it just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket, and sprang out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William levelled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

"Take the water in quick, William," said Ready in a faint voice. "I will contrive to crawl in if I can."

William caught up the barrico of water, and

took it in; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavouring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade; the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

"Are you hurt, Ready?" said William.

"Yes, dear boy, yes; hurt to death, I fear: his spear went through my breast. Water, quick, water!"

"Alas! that we had some," said Mr. Seagrave.

"We have, Papa," replied William; "but it has cost us dearly."

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung, poured some water out of the barrico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

"Now, William, lay me down on these cocoa-nut boughs; go and give some water to the

others, and when you have all drank, then come to me again. Don't tell Mrs. Seagrave that I'm hurt. Do as I beg of you."

"Papa, take the water—do, pray," replied William; "I cannot leave Ready."

"I will, my boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but first drink yourself."

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

THE LOOK-OUT.

CHAPTER XXI.

After returning twice for water, to satisfy those in the house, Mr. Seagrave came to the assistance of William, who had been removing Ready's clothes to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound which he had received.

"We had better move him to where the other

cocoa-nut boughs lie; he will be more comfortable there," said William.

Ready whispered, "More water." William gave him some more, and then, with the assistance of his father, Ready was removed to a more comfortable place. As soon as they had laid him there, Ready turned on his side, and threw up a quantity of blood.

"I am better now," said he in a low voice; "bind up the wound, William; an old man like me has not much blood to spare."

Mr. Seagrave and William then opened his shirt, and examined the wound; the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice, when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

"Where is that brave, kind man?" cried she, "that I may bless him and thank him."

Mr. Seagrave went to her, and caught her by the arm.

"He is hurt, my dear; I am afraid very much hurt. I did not tell you at the time."

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't weep for me, dear Madam," said Ready; "my days have been numbered; I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you."

"Dear, good old man," said Mrs. Seagrave, after a pause, "whatever may be our fates, and that is for the Almighty to decide for us, as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten."

Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired weeping into the house.

"William," said Ready, "I can't talk now;

raise my head a little, and then leave me; I shall be better if I'm quiet. You have not looked round lately. Come again in about half an hour. Leave me now, Mr. Seagrave; I shall be better if I doze a little."

William and Mr. Seagrave complied with Ready's request; they went up to the planks, and examined all round the stockade, cautiously and carefully; at last they stopped.

"This is a sad business, William," said Mr. Seagrave.

William shook his head. "He would not let me go," replied he; "I wish he had. I fear that he is much hurt; do you think so, Papa?"

"I should say that he cannot recover, William. We shall miss him to-morrow if they attack us; I fear much for the result."

"I hardly know what to say, Papa; but this I feel, that since we have been relieved, I am able to do twice as much as I could have done before."

"I feel the same, my dear boy, but still with such a force against us, two people cannot do much."

"If my mother and Juno load the muskets for us," replied William, "we shall at all events do as much now, as we should have been able to do if there were three, so exhausted as we should have been."

"Perhaps so, my dear William; at all events we will do our best, for we fight for our lives and the lives of those most dear to us."

William went softly up to Ready, and found that the old man was dozing, if not asleep; he did not therefore disturb him, but returned to his father; they carried the barrico of water into the house, and put it in Mrs. Seagrave's charge, that it might not be wasted; and now that their thirst had been appeased, they all felt the calls of hunger. Juno and William went and cut off steaks from the turtle, and fried them; they all made a hearty meal, and perhaps never

had they taken one with so much relish in their lives.

It was nearly daylight, when William, who had several times been softly up to Ready to ascertain whether he slept or not, found him with his eyes open.

"How do you find yourself, Ready?" said William.

"I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. Recollect that if you are obliged to escape from the stockade, William, you take no heed of me, but leave me where I am. I cannot live, and were you to move me, I should only die the sooner."

"I had rather die with you, than leave you, Ready."

"No, Sir, that is wrong and foolish; you must save your mother, and your brothers and sister; promise me that you will do as I wish."

William hesitated.

"I point out to you your duty, Master William. I know what your feelings are, but you must not give way to them; promise me this, or you will make me very miserable."

William squeezed Ready's hand; his heart was too full to speak.

"They will come at daylight, William—I think so at least; you have not much time to spare; climb to the look-out, and wait there till day dawns; watch them as long as you can in safety, and then come down, to tell me what you have seen."

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the cocoa-nut tree, and waited there till daylight.

At the dawn of day, he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the faggots together opposite to where the old house had stood, and were very busy in making

arrangements for the attack. At last, he perceived that they every one shouldered a faggot, and commenced their advance towards the stockade; William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

"We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William," said Mr. Seagrave, "for the more we check their advance, the better."

When the first savages were within fifty yards, they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the faggots in front of them, for some protection as they approached. By these means they gained the stockade in

safety, and commenced laying their faggots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before.

Although many fell, the faggots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades, through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up, and take them by escalade. At last, it appeared as if all the faggots had been placed, and the savages retired farther back, to where the cocoa-nut trees were still standing.

"They have gone away, Father," said William; "but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us."

"I fear so too, my noble boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "they are only retreating, to arrange for a general assault, and they now will be able to gain an entrance. I almost wish that they had

fired the faggots; we might have escaped as Ready pointed out to us, but now I fear we have no chance."

"Don't say a word to my mother," said William; "let us defend ourselves to the last, and if we are overpowered it is the will of God."

"I should like to take a farewell embrace of your dear mother," said Mr. Seagrave; "but, no; it will be weakness just now. I had better not. Here they come, William, in a swarm. Well, God bless you, my boy; we shall all, I trust, meet in Heaven."

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoa-nut wood in a solid mass; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, when the fire was opened upon them; the fire was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already reached to the bottom

of the sloping pile of faggots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoa-nut trees, which made both parties start with surprise; another and another followed, the ground was ploughed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

"It must be the cannon of a ship, Father," said William; "we are saved—we are saved!"

"It can be nothing else; we are saved, and by a miracle," replied Mr. Seagrave in utter astonishment.

The savages paused in the advance, quite stupified; again, again, again, the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoa-nut grove; at this last broadside, the savages turned, and fled towards their canoes: not one was left to be seen.

"We are saved!" cried Mr. Seagrave, leaping off the plank and embracing his wife, who sank

down on her knees, and held up her clasped hands in thankfulness to Heaven.

William had hastened up to the look-out on the cocoa-nut tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged—

"A large schooner, Father; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes; they are falling in every direction: some have plunged into the water; there is a boat full of armed men coming on shore; they are close to the beach, by the garden point. Three of the canoes have got off full of men; there go the guns again; two of the canoes are sunk, Father; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way." William then descended from the look-out as fast as he could.

As soon as he was down, he commenced unbarring the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and, a second after, found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.

SCHOONER AND CANOES.

CHAPTER XXII.

Before we wind up this history, it will be as well to state to my young readers how it was that Captain Osborn made his appearance at so fortunate a moment. It will be recollected how a brig came off the island some months before this, and the great disappointment that the party

on the island experienced in her not making her appearance again, especially as they had seen the flags which they had hoisted.

The fact was, that those on board of the brig had not only seen their signals, but had read the name of the "Pacific" upon the flag hoisted; but the heavy gale which came on, drove them so far to the southward, that the master of the brig did not consider that he should do his duty to his owners, if he lost so much time in beating up for the island again; the cargo which he had on board was one which would lose in value if it were not one of the first in the market. He therefore decided upon making all sail for Sydney, to which port he was bound.

When Captain Osborn was put into the boat by Mackintosh and the seamen of the "Pacific," he was still insensible; but he gradually recovered, and after a stormy night, during which the men had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat afloat, Captain Osborn was so far recovered as to

hear from Mackintosh what had taken place, and why it was that he found himself in an open boat at sea. The next morning the wind moderated, and they were fortunate enough to fall in with a vessel bound to Van Diemen's Land, which took them all on board.

From the account given by Mackintosh, Captain Osborn had no doubt in his mind but that the Seagrave family had perished, and the loss of the vessel, with them on board, was duly reported to the owners. When at Van Diemen's Land, Captain Osborn was so much taken with the beauty and fertility of the country, and perhaps not so well inclined to go to sea again after such danger as he had incurred in the last voyage, that he resolved to purchase land and settle there. He did so, and had already stocked his farm with cattle, and had gone round to Sydney in a schooner to await the arrival of a large order from England which he had sent for, when the brig arrived and reported the existence of some

white people on the small island, and also that they had hoisted a flag with the name " Pacific" worked on it.

Captain Osborn hearing this, went to the master of the brig, and questioned him. He found the latitude and longitude of the island to be not far from that of the ship when she was deserted, and he was now convinced that, by some miracle, the Seagrave family had been preserved. He therefore went to the Governor of New South Wales, and made him acquainted with the facts which had been established, and the Governor instantly replied, that the government armed schooner was at his service, if he would himself go in quest of his former shipmates. Inconvenient as the absence at that time was to Captain Osborn, he at once acquiesced, and in a few days the schooner sailed for her destination. She arrived off the island on the same morning that the fleet of canoes with the savages effected their landing, and, when William

made the remark to Ready as they were hastening into the stockade, that there was another vessel under sail off the garden-point, had Ready had time to put his eye to the telescope, he would have discovered that it was the schooner, and not, as he supposed, a canoe which had separated from the others during the night.

The schooner stood in to the reefs, and then hauled off again, that she might send her boat in, to sound for an anchorage. The boat, when sounding, perceived the canoes and the savages, and afterwards heard the report of firearms on the first attack. On her return on board the schooner, they stated what they had seen and heard, and their idea that the white people on the island were being attacked by the savages. As the boat did not return on board till near dusk, they had not time to canvass the question when the night attack was made, and they again heard the firing of the muskets. This made Captain Osborn most anxious to land as soon as possible, but

as the savages were in such numbers, and the crew of the schooner did not consist of more than twenty-five men, the commander considered it was rash to make the attempt. He did, however, shew the utmost anxiety to bring his schooner to an anchor, so as to protect his men, and then agreed that they should land.

The boat had reported deep water and good anchorage close to the garden-point, and every preparation was made for running at daylight on the following morning; but, unfortunately, it fell calm for the best part of the day, and it was not until the morning after, just as the savages were making their last attack upon the stockade, that she could get in. As soon as she did, she opened the fire of her carronades, and the result is already known; the savages fled in all directions, the boat was then manned, and Captain Osborn led the party who landed, and came so opportunely to their relief.

My readers must, if they can, imagine the joy

of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave when they beheld their old friend Captain Osborn. All danger was now over; the party who had landed with him went out under the command of the mate, to ascertain if there were any more of the savages to be found; but, except the dead and dying, all had escaped in some of the smaller canoes. Captain Osborn remained with the Seagraves, and in a few words told his own history, and they then informed him of the state of poor old Ready, whom William had gone to attend as soon as Captain Osborn was engaged with his father and mother. Captain Osborn hurried out to see him; Ready knew him immediately, that is, he knew his voice, for the old man's eyes were already so dim, that he could not see.

"That is Captain Osborn, I know," said Ready, in a faint voice. "You have come in good time, Sir; I knew you would come, and I always said so: you have the thanks of a dying man."

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Ready; we

have a surgeon on board, and I will send for him at once."

"No surgeon can help me, Sir," replied Ready; "another hour of time will not pass before I shall be in Eternity. I thank God for the preservation of the family, but, Captain Osborn, my time is come."

The old man then joined his hands across his breast, and remained for some time in silent prayer.

"We had better leave," said Captain Osborn; "he wishes not to be interrupted. I will send for the surgeon, at all events, although I feel it is useless; the hand of death is already on him."

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave walked away with Captain Osborn, all of them much affected with the scene. William still remained by Ready's side to give him water when he asked for it. A few minutes afterwards, Ready opened his eyes.

"Are you there, William? I can't see you. Listen to me, my dear boy. Let me be buried

under the trees on the mound above the well. I wish to lie there. Poor little Tommy; don't let him know that he was the cause of my death. Bring him here now, and Juno and Caroline, to say good-by, William."

William, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, hastened into the house, and communicated Ready's wish to his father and mother. They all went out in a body, to take a last farewell; Ready called them all by name, one after another. They knelt down as he called them, and kissed him. He bade them farewell in a faint voice, which at last was changed to a mere whisper. They still remained, in silence and in tears, standing round him, William only kneeling and holding his hand, when the old man's head fell back, and he was no more!

"It is all over," said Mr. Seagrave mournfully, "and he has, I have no doubt, gone to receive the reward of a good and just man. 'Happy are those who die in the Lord.'"

Mr. Seagrave then led away his wife and children, leaving Juno and William. Poor Juno cried as if her heart would break, as soon as her master and mistress were gone, and she could give vent to her feelings. William tried to console her.

"Oh! Massa William, me often think, and me really think now, he sent by Heaven to save us all. He just live long enough to do all he could do, and now he gone to Heaven again."

"I trust he has, Juno; I hope I may live as well, and die as well as he has done."

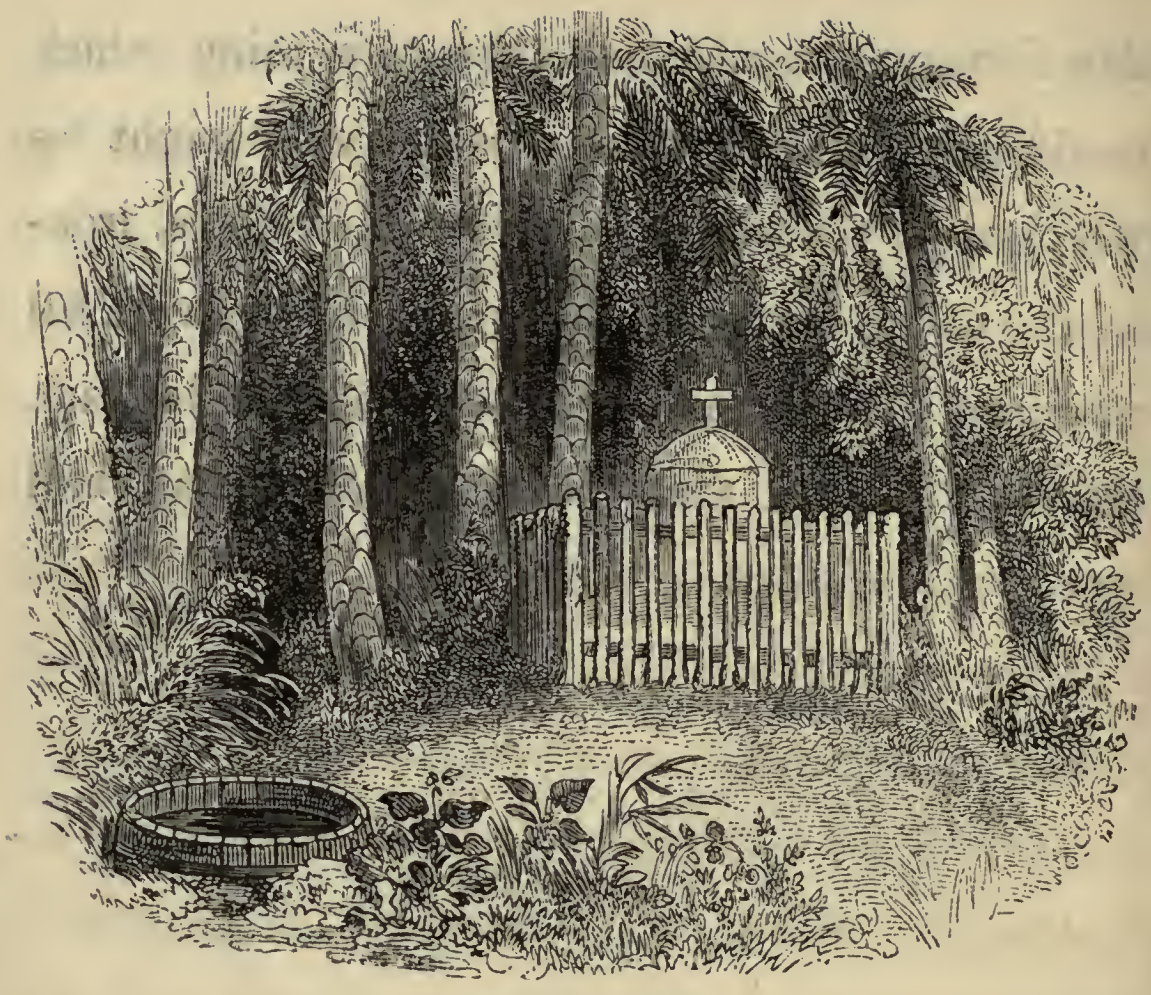
William closed up the eyes, and Juno went and fetched the ship's ensign, which they laid over the body, after which they joined the rest of the party in the house.

During the time that William had remained with old Ready, the commander of the schooner had landed with another party of men, whom he dispatched to scour the island in pursuit of any savages who might remain; but they could find

none. Captain Osborn introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, and arrangements were commenced for the embarkation. It was decided that the following day should be passed in packing up and getting on board their luggage, and that the day after the family should embark. William then mentioned the wish of poor old Ready, as to his burial. The commander immediately gave directions for a coffin to be made, and for his men to dig the grave at the spot that William should point out. It was also arranged that Juno should go round with the boat the next morning at daylight, to point out the little harbour, that they might take on board the Merino sheep, which were of value; all the other animals, with the exception of the dogs, were to be left on the island, for the benefit of those who might at any future time, meet with a disaster similar to that of the crew and passengers of the "Pacific."

The boats were on shore early the next morning, and the luggage was taken on board; but

Mr. Seagrave would not take any thing which could prove useful to any people who might be wrecked on the island; the furniture, tools, iron-work, nails, beef and pork, and flour, were all put into the house and locked up; the luggage therefore carried away was not very great, and was soon on board.



READY'S GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The hurry and bustle of preparing for their departure from the island, and the rapid succession of events which had been crowded together within so very few days, had not allowed time for much thought or reflection to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and William; at length, however, every preparation had been made, and they were no longer

urged by the commander of the schooner to hasten their packing up and arrangements; for every thing had been sent on board during the afternoon, and it was proposed that they should sail on the following day.

Now they had time to feel, and bitterly did they lament the loss of their old friend, and deplore that he had not survived to sail with them to Sydney. They had always indulged the hope that one day they should be taken off the island, and in that hope they had ever looked forward to old Ready becoming a part of their future household. Now that their wishes had been granted,—now that their fond longings were about to be realized,—so much was the feeling of joy and gratitude mingled with regret,—so great was their grief at the loss of their preserver,—that could he have been restored to them, they felt as if they would have gladly remained on the island.

Captain Osborn, the commander, and the crew of the schooner had taken leave of them for the

night, and had gone on board, having made arrangements for the interment of Ready, previous to their sailing, on the following day. The children had been put to bed, and Juno had quitted the house; Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and William were sitting together in their now half-dismantled room, when Juno entered; the poor girl had evidently been weeping.

"Well, Juno," observed Mr. Seagrave, with a view to break the silence which had continued for some time previous to her entrance, "are you not glad to leave the island?"

"One time I think I would be very glad, but now I not care much," replied Juno. "Island very nice place, all very happy till savage come. Suppose they not kill old Ready, I not care."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Seagrave, "it is a sad blow to us all; I did hope to have fostered the good old man, and to have been able to have shewn him our gratitude, but——"

"It is the will of Heaven that it should be

otherwise," continued Mr. Seagrave; "I would give half that I am possessed of, that he had not perished."

"Oh, Massa!" said Juno, "I sit by him just now; I take off the flag and look at his face, so calm, look so happy, so good, I almost tink he smile at me, and then I cry. Oh! Massa Tommy, all because you idle boy."

"It adds much to my regret," replied Mr. Seagrave, "that his life should have been sacrificed through the thoughtlessness of one of my own children; what a lesson it will be to Tommy when he is old enough to comprehend fully the consequences of his conduct."

"That he must not know, Papa," said William, who had been leaning mournfully over the table; "one of Ready's last injunctions was that Tommy was never to be told of it. He made me promise."

"His last wishes shall be religiously attended to, my dear boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "for

what do we not owe to that good old man? When others deserted us and left us to perish, he remained with us to share our fate, with every prospect that the ocean would bury us. By his skill we were saved and landed in safety. He provided for our wants, added to our comforts, instructed us how to make the best use of our means, was our adviser, and, I may say, our protector. What should we have done without him? Without his precautions, we should have perished by the spears of the savages. It was his self-devotion which procured the water which saved our lives, and it was in this act that he sacrificed his own. What an example of Christian fortitude and humility did he ever shew us; and indeed, I may truly say, that by his example, sinful as I must ever be, I have become, I trust, a better man. Would that he were now sitting by us,—but the Lord's will be done."

"I feel as if I had lost a stay or prop, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "So accus-

tomed have I been to look to him for advice since we have been on this island. I feel now constantly that there is something wanting, and then I recollect that it is he who is away from me. Had he not been thus snatched from us—had he been spared to us a few years, and had we been permitted to have surrounded his death-bed, and have closed his eyes in peace—" and Mrs. Seagrave wept upon the shoulder of her husband.

After a time, Mrs. Seagrave recovered herself; but silence ensued, only broken by an occasional sob from poor Juno. William's heart was too full; he could not for a long while utter a word; at last he said in a low voice—

"I feel that, next to my dear father and mother, I have lost my best friend. I cannot forgive myself for allowing him to go for the water; it was my duty to go, and I ought to have gone."

"And yet we could have ill spared you, my dear boy; you might have perished," replied Mrs. Seagrave.

"It would have been as God willed, my dear mother," replied William; "I might have perished, or I might not."

"We never know what the morrow may bring forth," said Mr. Seagrave, "or what may be in store for us. Had not this misfortune happened, had old Ready been spared to us, how joyfully should I and all of you have quitted this island, full of anticipation, and indulging in worldly prospects. What a change has been brought over me by his melancholy death! What a check have I received! I now am all thought and anxiety. I have said to myself, 'we have been happy on this island; our wants have been supplied; even our comforts have been great. We have been under no temptations, for we have been isolated from the world; am I so sure that I shall be as happy in future as I have been? Am I confident, now my long-wished-for return to the world is about to take place, that I shall have no cause to lament that I ever quitted this peaceful, quiet

spot?' I feel, my dear wife, that it is a duty to my family that I should return to society, but I am far from feeling that our happiness may be increased. We have, however, a plain precept to follow, which is, to do our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

"Yes, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Seagrave; "I feel the truth of all you have just said. We are in His hands, and let us put our trust in Him."

"We will, dearest," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but it is late, and we have to rise early to-morrow morning. This is the last evening which we shall pass on this island; let us return our thanks for the happiness we have enjoyed here; let us confide in Him for our future welfare, and let us bow in humility to the chastening with which He has thought proper to visit us. We thought to have quitted this spot in joy,—it is His will that we should leave it in sorrow."

Mr. Seagrave took down the Bible, and after

he had read a chapter, he poured forth a prayer suited to their feelings, and they all retired to repose.

The next morning they were up early, and packed up the few articles which still remained to go on board. Mr. Seagrave read the prayers, and they went to breakfast. Few words were exchanged, for there was a solemn grief upon all of them. They waited for the arrival of Captain Osborn and the crew of the schooner to attend the funeral of poor old Ready. William, who had gone out occasionally to look at the vessel, now came in, and said that two boats were pulling on shore. A few minutes afterwards Captain Osborn and the commander of the schooner made their appearance, and, after a short conversation, they went out to give directions. The coffin had been brought on shore; the body of Ready was put into it, and it was screwed down. William attended the process, and the tears fell fast down his cheeks as the lid was put over, and he saw the last of his old friend.

In half an hour all was prepared, and the family were summoned from the house. It was arranged that William, Mr. Seagrave, Captain Osborn, and Juno (at her own request) should be the pall-bearers.

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack as a pall, was raised on the shoulders of six of the seamen, and they bore it to the grave, followed by Mrs. Seagrave and the children, the commander of the schooner, and several of the men. Mr. Seagrave read the funeral service, which was occasionally interrupted by the sobbing of Juno, the grave was filled up, and they all walked back in silence. At the request of William, the commander of the schooner had ordered the carpenter to prepare an oak paling to put round the grave, and a board on which was written the name of the deceased and day of his death. As soon as this had been fixed up, William, with a deep sigh, followed the commander of the schooner to the house, to announce that all was finished, and that the boat waited for them to embark.

"Come, my dear," said Mr. Seagrave to his wife.

"I will, I will," replied Mrs. Seagrave, "but I don't know how it is, now that the hour is come, I really feel such pain at quitting this dear island. Had it not been for poor Ready's death, I really do think I should wish to remain."

"I don't doubt but that you feel sorrow, my dear, but we must not keep Captain Osborn waiting."

"I should like to have time to visit once more all our little property; the garden, the fish-pond, the turtle-pond; I should like to wish good-by even to the animals, Seagrave; it may be a weakness, but I cannot help it."

"Do we leave Nanny, Mamma," said Caroline, "and all the chickens?"

"Yes, my dear; we leave all the goats and fowls for other people, if they come to the island."

"Do we leave all the turtle in the pond?" said Tommy: "turtle makes good soup. I like turtle."

"That's well thought of," said Captain Osborn; we will take the turtle on board. It will not be losing much time."

"Oh no," replied the commander of the schooner; "go down then, my men, push one of the boats round, and get the turtle on board."

While this little delay took place, Mrs. Seagrave walked to Ready's grave, to see the paling and board which William had told her had been put up. She would have lingered still, hanging on her husband's arm, but Captain Osborn again came to tell her that the boat waited for them.

As Mr. Seagrave was aware that the commander of the schooner was anxious to get clear of the islands before night, he now led his wife down to the boat. They all embarked, and were soon on the deck of the schooner, from whence they continued to fix their eyes upon the island, while the men were heaving up the anchor. At last sail was made upon the vessel, the garden-point was cleared, and, as they ran away with a

fair wind, each object on the shore became more indistinct. Still their eyes were turned in that direction. Juno and William stood abaft; William had the spy-glass, and was looking through it very steadily as the vessel ran on, when Captain Osborn inquired what he was looking at. "I am taking my last farewell of Ready's grave," replied William.

"He really a good man," said Juno in a low voice.

As they ran down to the westward, they passed the cove where they had first landed, and Mr. Seagrave directed Mrs. Seagrave's attention to it. Mrs. Seagrave remained for some time looking at it in silence, and then said as she turned away—

"We shall never be more happy than we were on that island, Seagrave."

"It will indeed be well, my dear, if we never are less happy," replied her husband.

The schooner now ran fast through the water,

and the island was every minute less distinct; after a time, the land was below the horizon, and the tops of the cocoa-nut trees only to be seen; these gradually disappeared. Juno watched on, and when at last nothing could be seen, she waved her handkerchief in the direction of the island, as if to bid it farewell, and then went down below, to hide her grief.

The wind continued fair, and, after a favourable passage of little more than four weeks, they arrived at Sydney Cove, the port to which they were bound when they embarked from England on board of the good ship "Pacific."

P.S.—As my young readers will probably wish to know a little more about the Seagrave family, I will inform them that Mr. Seagrave, like the patriarch Job after his tribulation, found his flocks and herds greatly increased on his arrival at Sydney. The agent whom he had left in charge of

his property had been diligent and honest, and although it was fully believed that the whole of the family had perished, and that the estates would go to distant heirs, still the delay of law proceedings and the many months which it required to communicate with England, added to the want of positive knowledge of their loss, had not yet permitted the estates to pass away, and they were still in the hands of the executors. Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave lived to see all their children grown up. William inherited the greater part of the property from his father, after having for many years assisted him in the management of it. He married, and had a numerous family. Tommy, notwithstanding all his scrapes, grew up a very fine fellow, and entered the army. He is now a major, and is said to retain his juvenile tastes so far, that, among his many arduous duties, he is still a very sedulous and efficient officer at the *Mess Table.* Caroline married a young clergyman, and made him an excellent wife; little

Albert went into the navy, and is at present a commander.

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave are both dead, but poor Juno is still alive, and lives at Seagrave plantation with William, and her greatest pleasure is to take his children on her knee, and tell them long stories about the island, and make them cry when she goes through the history of old Ready's death and burial.

And now, my dear children, having given you all the information that I possess, I have only to add that I hope you like what I have written for you, and bid you heartily farewell.

THE END.

NOTE.

The author of this little work has received a letter from one of the family of the Mastermans, stating that an unpleasant feeling has been created by his assuming that name for the god-father of Masterman Ready, inasmuch as the character of the god-father is not one that is at all enviable. What might make it appear that he had actually referred to one of the members of that family in this work of fiction is, that, by the strangest coincidence, there have been Mastermans, for nearly a century, residing at South Shields, and as shipowners and builders, so that by a mere chance, he has not only assumed the *name*, but the *residence* and the *occupation* of the parties. It is therefore his duty to state that this coincidence, strange as it is, was quite an accident, and that he never could or would have taken a step which could cause any pain or annoyance to so respectable a family.

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